Micro-cosmographie:

Or, a Piece of the

WORLD

Discovered;

IN

ESSAYES,

AND

CHARACTERS.

The Ninth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Ratcliffe* and
Thomas Daniel for *Philip Chetwind*, 1669.

To the
READER.

I Have (for once) adventured to play the Midwives part, helping to bring forth these Infants into the world, which the Father would have smothered: who having left them lapt up in loose Sheets as soon as his Fancy was delivered of them, written especially for his private recreation, to passe away the time in the Countrey, and by the forcible request of Friends drawn him: Yet

paſſing ſeverally from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a pretty number in a little Volume: and among ſo many ſundry diſperſed Tranſcripts, ſome very imperfect and ſurreptitious had like to have paſt the Preſſe, if the Author had not uſed ſpeedy means of prevention: when perceiving the hazzard he ran to be wronged, was unwillingly willing to let them paſs as now they appear to the world. If any faults have eſcaped the Preſs, (as few Books can be printed without) impoſe them not on the Author I intreat Thee; but rather impute them to mine and the Printer's overſight, who ſeriouſly promiſe on the Re-impreſſion

preſsion hereof, by greater care and diligence, for this our former default, to make Thee ample ſatisfaction. In the mean while I remain,

Thine

EDW. BLUNT.

To the Reader.

By Order of
I have ordered
In the words

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Micro-cosmographie:

OR,

A Piece of the World Characteriz'd.

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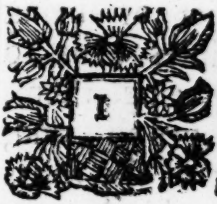
1. *A Childe*



IS a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copy of *Adam* before he tasted of *Eve*, or the Apple; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world

world can onely write his Character. He is natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyle, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His Soul is yet a white paper unscribled with obſervations of the World, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-book. He is purely happy, becauſe he knows no evil, nor hath made meanes, by ſinne, to be acquainted with miſery. He arrives not at the miſchief of being wiſe, nor endures evils to come by foreſeeing them. He kiſſes and loves all, and, when the ſmart of the rod is paſt, ſmiles on his bearer. Nature and his Parents alike dandle

dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Worm-wood: he plays yet like a young Prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholly. All the language he speaks yet is Tears, and they serve him well enough to expresse his necessity: his hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitfull an Organ; and he is best company with it, when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest, and his Drums, Rattles and Hobby-horses, but the Emblems, and mockings of mens businesse: his Father hath writ him as his

his own little ſtory, wherein he reads thoſe days of his life that he cannot remember; and ſighs to ſee what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a ſtair lower from God; and like his firſt father, much worſe in his Breeches. He is the Chriſtians example, and the old mans relapſe: The one imitates his pureneſſe, and the other falls into his ſimplicity. Could he put off his body with his little Coat, he had got eternity without a burthen and exchang'd but one Heaven for another.

2. *A Young raw Preacher*

IS a Bird not yet fledg'd, that hath hopt out of his neſt to be cherping on a hedge, and will be ſtragling abroad at what peril ſoever. His backwardneſſe in the Univerſity hath ſet him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been ſo haſty a Divine. His ſmall ſtanding and time hath made him a proficient onely in boldneſſe, out of which and his Table-book he is furniſht for a Preacher. His Collections of Study are the Notes of Sermons, which, taken up at Saint

Saint *Mary*'s he utters in the Countrey. And if he write *Brachygraphy*, his ſtock is ſo much the better. His writing is more than his reading; for he reads onely what he gets without book. Thus accompliſht he comes down to his friends, and his firſt ſalutation is grace and Peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock ſtop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his Lungs. And the onely thing he has mad it himſelf, is the Fac le takes on

on againſt the Pope without mercy, and hath a jeſt ſtill in Lavender for *Bellarmine*. Yet he preaches hereſie if it comes in his way, though with a mind; I muſt needs ſay, very *Orthodox*: his action is all Paſſion, and his ſpeech interjections: he hath an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and ſpits with a very good grace: his ſtile is compounded of twenty ſeverall mens, only his body imitates ſome one extraordinary: he will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, nor blow his Noſe without diſcretion; His commendation is, that he never looks upon Book, and indeed he was never uſed to

it

it. He preaches but once a year, though twice a Sunday: for the ſtuffe is ſtill the ſame, onely the dreſſing a little altered. He hath more tricks with a Sermon, then a Taylor with an old Cloak to turn it, and piece it, and at laſt quite diſguiſe it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profeſſion, and would ſhew reading of his own, his Authors are Poſtills, and his Schooldivinity a Catechiſme. His faſhion, and demure habit gets him in with ſome Town preciſian, and makes him a gueſt on Friday-nights. You ſhall know him by his narrow Velvet-cape, and Serge-facing,

and

and his Ruffe, next his hair, the ſhorteſt thing about him. The companion of his walk is ſome zealous Tradeſman, whom he aſtoniſheth with ſtrange points, which they both underſtand alike. His friends and much painfulneſſe may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means, to a Chamber-maid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of Wedlock. Next Sunday you ſhall have him again.

3. *A grave Divine.*

IS one that knows the burden of his calling, and hath ſtudied to make his ſhoulders ſufficient

ſufficient: for which he hath not been haſty to launch forth of his port, the Univerſity, but expected the ballaſt of learning, and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning, but the end of his Studies, to which he takes the ordinary ſtair, and makes the Arts his way. He counts it not profaneneſſe to be poliſht with humane Reading, or to ſmooth his way by *Ariſtotle* to School-Divinity: he hath founded both Religions, and anchor'd in the beſt, and is a *Proteſtant* out of judgement, not faction; not becauſe his Country, but his reaſon is on this ſide. The Miniſtry is his

his choyce, not refuge; and yet the Pulpit not his itch, but fear. In his discourse there is substance, not all rhetorick; and he utters more things than words. His speech is not help'd with inforced actions, but the matter acts it self. He shoots all his meditations at one Butt; and beats upon his Text, not the Cushion, making his hearers, not the Pulpit groan. In citing of Popish errours, he cuts them with Argument, not cudgels them with barren Invectives: and labours more to shew the truth of his cause than the spleen. His Sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glasse,

and

and his Devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week, becauſe he would not be idle; nor talkes three hours together, becauſe he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his converſation is the every dayes exerciſe. In matters of ceremony he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and make more conſcience of ſchiſme than a Surpleſſe. He eſteemes the Churches Hierarchy as the Churches glory, and, however we jar with *Rome*, would not have our confuſion diſtinguiſh

guiſh us. In *Symoniacall* purchaſes he thinks his ſoul goes in the bargain, and is loth to come by promotion ſo dear. Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his own merit buyes him a living. He is no baſe grater of his Tythes, and will not wrangle for the odde Egge. The Lawyer is the only man he hinders, by whom he is ſpighted for taking up quarrels. He is a main pillar of our Church, though not yet Dean nor Canon, and his life our Religions beſt Apology: his death is the laſt Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed, he inſtructs men to dye by his example.

4. *A modeſt man.*

IS a far finer man then he knows of, One that ſhews better to all men then himſelf, and ſo much the better to all men, as leſs to himſelf: for no quality ſets a man off like this, and commends him more againſt his will: and he can put up any injury ſooner then this (as he calls it) your Irony. You ſhall hear him confute his commenders, and giving reaſons how much they are miſtaken, and is angry almoſt if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him ſo much as great expectation, which he thinks more

more prejudiciall, than your under-opinion, becauſe it is eaſier to make that falſe, than this true. He is one that ſpeaks from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not juſtifie it, and is more bluſhingly reprehended in this, then others in ſin. That counts all publick declarings of himſelf, but ſo many penances before the people; and the more you applaud him, the more you abaſh him, and he recovers not his face a month after. One that is eaſie to like any thing of another mans: and thinks all he knows not of him better then that he knows. He excuſes that to you, which another

would impute, and if you pardon him, is ſatisfied. One that ſtands in no opinion becauſe it is his own, but ſuſpects it rather, becauſe it is his own, and is confuted and thanks you. He ſees nothing more willingly then his errors; and it is his error ſometimes to be too ſoon perſwaded. He is content to be Auditor, where he only can ſpeak, and content to go away, and think himſelf inſtructed. No man is ſo weak that he is aſhamed to learn of, and is leſſe aſhamed to confeſſe it: and he finds many times even in the duſt what others overlook, and loſe. Every mans preſence is a kind of bridle to him,

him, to ſtop the roving of his tongue and paſſions: and even impudent men looke for this reverence from him, and diſtaſte that in him, which they ſuffer in themſelves, as one in whome Vice is ill ſavoured, and ſhewes more ſcurvily then another. A bawdy jeſt ſhall ſhame him more then a baſtard another man, and he that got it, ſhall cenſure him among the reſt. And he is coward to nothing more then an ill tongue, and whoſoever dare lye on him hath power over him, and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The maine ambition of his life is not to be diſcredited: and for other things, his deſires are

more limited then his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, though never so meane, and that he is to do something to deserve this: He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to help himself. If he do, it was the violence of his friends constrained him, and how hardly soever he obtain it, he was harder perswaded to seek it.

5. *A meer dull Physitian.*

His practice is some businesse at bed sides, and his speculation an Urinal. He is

is distinguisht from an *Emperick*, by a round velvet cap, and Doctors Gown, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is a Doctor howsoever. He is sworn to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, as University men to their statutes, though they never saw them, and his discourse is all *Aphorismes*, though his reading be only *Alexis* of *Piemont*, or the *Regiment of Health*. The best Cure he hath done, is upon his own purse, which from a lean sicklinesse he hath made lusty and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of Gally-Pots in his A-

pothecaries Shop, which are rankt in his Shelves, and the Doctors memory. He is indeed only languag'd in diſeaſes, and ſpeaks Greek many times when he knows not. If we have been but a by-ſtander at ſome deſperate recovery, he is ſlandered with it, though he be guiltleſſe; and this breeds his reputation, and that his practice; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of all odours he likes beſt the ſmell of Urine, and holds *Veſpaſians* rule, that no gain is unſavory. If you ſend this once to him, you muſt reſolve to be ſick howſoever, for he will never leave examining your Water till he have ſhak't it into

to a diſeaſe. Then follows a Writ to his Drugger in a ſtrange tongue which he underſtands though he cannot conſter. If he ſee you himſelfe, his preſence is the worſt viſitation: for if he cannot heale your ſickneſs, he will be ſure to help it. He tranſlates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very Windowes and Benches muſt take Phyſick. He tells you your maladie in Greek, though it be but a cold, or head-ache: which by good endeavour and diligence he may bring to ſome moment indeed: His moſt unfaithfull act is, that he leaves a man gaſping, and his pre-

tence is death, and he hath a quarrell and muſt not meet, but his fear is, leſt the Carkaſſe ſhould bleed. Anatomies and other ſpectacles of Mortality have hardened him, and he is no more ſtruck with a Funerall then a Gravemaker. Noblemen uſe him for a director of their ſtomacks, and Ladies for wantonneſſe, eſpecially if he be a proper man. If he be ſingle, he is in league with his ſhe-Apothecary, and becauſe it is the Phyſitian, the husband is patient. If he have leiſure to bee idle (that is to ſtudy) he hath a ſnatch at *Alcumy*, and is ſick of the Phyloſophers ſtone, a diſeaſe uncurable, but by

by an abundant *Phlebotomy* of the purſe. His two main oppoſites are a Mountebank and a good Woman, and he never ſhewes his learning ſo much as in an invective againſt them and their Boxes. In concluſion he is ſucking conſumption himſelf, and a very brother to the wormes, for they are both ingendred out of mans corruption.

6. *A meer empty wit.*

IS like one that ſpends on the ſtock without any revenues coming in, and will ſhortly be no wit at all, for learning is the fewell to the fire of wit, which if it wants this

this feeding eats out it ſelfe. A good conceit or two bates of ſuch a man, and makes a ſenſible weakning in him: and his braine recovers it not a year after. The reſt of him are bubbles and flaſhes, darted out on the ſudden, which if you take them while they are warme may be laught at; if they coole, are nothing. He ſpeakes beſt on the preſent apprehenſion, for Meditation ſtupifies him, and the more he is in travell, the leſs he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a nauſeating ſtomacke, where there is nothing to caſt up ſtraines, and convulſions, and ſome aſtoniſhing bumbaſt, which men onely,

onely, till they underſtand, are ſcar'd with. A Verſe or ſome ſuch Worke he may ſometimes get up to, but ſeldome above the ſtature of an Epigram, and that with ſome reliefe out of *Martiall*, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reads him as he were inſpir'd. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the World, good to make merry the company, and whom onely men have to do withall, when they have nothing to doe, and none are leſſe their friends, then who are moſt their company. Here they vent themſelves over a cup ſome-what more laſtingly, all their words goe for jeſts,

jests, and all their jests for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of some ridiculous thing, and reasonable good in the expression. Nothing stops a jest when it is coming, neither friends nor danger, but it must out howsoever, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically rail, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reasonable familiar to this. Briefly they are such whose life is but to laugh, and be laughed at: and only wits in jest, and fools in earnest.

7. *A meer Alderman.*

HEe is venerable in his Gown, more in his Beard, wherewith he ſets not forth ſo much his own, as the face of a City. You muſt look on him as one of the Town Gates, and conſider him not as a Body, but a corporation. His eminency above others hath made him a man of Worſhip, for he had never been preferred, but that he was worth thouſands. He overſees the Common-wealth as his Shop, and it is an argument of his policy, that he hath thriven by his craft,

he

He is a rigorous Magiſtrate in his Ward: yet his ſcale of Juſtice is ſuſpected, leſt it be like the Ballances in his Warehouſe. A ponderous man he is, and ſubſtantial: for his weight is commonly extraordinary, and in his preferment nothing riſes ſo much as his Belly. His head is of no great depth, yet well furniſht, and when it is in conjunction with his Brethren, may bring forth a *City Apopothegme*, or ſome ſuch ſage matter. He is one that will not haſtily runne into error, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgement conſiſts much in his pace. His diſcourſe is commonly the Annals

nals of his Mayoralty, and what good government there was in the days of his gold Chain: though his door-poſts were the onley things that ſuffered reformation: He ſeems moſt ſincerely religious, eſpecially on ſolemne days, for he comes oft to Church to make a ſhew, and is a part of the Quire hangings. He is the higheſt ſtair of his profeſſion, and an example to his Trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority: but more of his ſattin doublet; which though of good years, bears his age very well, and looks freſh every Sunday; But his Scarlet

let Gown is a Monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

8. *A Discontented man.*

IS one that is faln out with the World, and will be revenged on himself. Fortune hath denyed him in something, and he now takes pet, and will be miserable in spight. The root of his disease is a selfe-humouring pride, and an accustomed tenderneſſe, not to bee croſt in his fancy: and the occasion is commonly one of these three: a hard Father, a peevish Wench, or his ambition

bition thwarted. He conſidered not the nature of the World till he felt it, and all blowes fall on him heavier, becauſe they light not firſt on his expectation. He hath now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the oſtentation of his melancholy. His compoſure of himſelf is a ſtudied careleſneſſe with his arms a croſſe, and a neglected hanging of his head; and cloak, and he is as great an enemy to an hat-band, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and up-ſtarts, and ſighs at the neglect of men of Parts, that is, ſuch as himſelf. His life is a perpetuall Satyre; and he is

ſtill

ſtill girding the Ages vanity; when this very anger ſhewes he too much eſteems it. He is much diſpleaſed to ſee men merry, and wonders what they can finde to laugh at. He never drawes his own lippes higher than a ſmile, and frownes wrinkle him before forty. He at the laſt falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men, and is the moſt apt Companion for any miſchief. He is the ſpark that kindles the Commonwealth, and the bellowes himſelfe to blow it: and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of theſe, either Fryer, Traytor, or Mad-man.

9. *An Antiquary.*

HE is a man ſtrangely thrifty of Time paſt, and an enemy indeed to his Maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and ſtinking. He is one that hath that unnatural diſeaſe to be enamored of old age and wrinckles, and loves all things (as Dutch men do Cheeſe) the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten. He is of our Religion, becauſe we ſay it is moſt ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almoſt make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the ruſt of old Monuments,

ments, and reads only thoſe Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you forty miles to ſee a *SaintsWell*, or a ruined Abbey, and if there be but a Croſſe or ſtone footſtool in the way he will be conſidering it ſo long, till he forget his journey. His eſtate conſiſts much in ſhekels, and Roman Coyns, and he hath more pictures of *Cæſar*, than *James* or *Elizabeth*: Beggars cozen him with muſty things which they have rak'd from dunghills, and he preſerves their rags for precious Reliques. He loves no Library, but where there are more Spider-volumes than Authors and

and looks with great admiration on the Antique work of Cobwebs. Printed books he contemns, as a novelty of this latter age, but a *Manuſcript* he pores on everlaſtingly, eſpecially if the cover be all Moth-eaten, and the duſt make a *Parentheſis* between every Syllable. He would give all the books in his ſtudy (which are rarities all) for one of the old Roman binding, or ſix lines of *Tully*, in his own hand. His chamber is hung commonly with ſtrange Beaſts skins, and is a kind of Charnell-houſe of bones extraordinary, and his diſcourſe upon them, if you will hear him, ſhall laſt longer

er. His very attire is that which is the eldeſt out of faſhion, and you may pick a *Criticiſme* out of his Breeches. He never looks upon himſelf till he is gray-hair'd, and then he is pleaſed with his own Antiquity. His Grave doth not fright him, for he hath been uſed to Sepulchres, and he likes death the better, becauſe it gathers him to his Fathers.

10. *A Drunkard.*

IS one that will be a man to morrow morning: but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better.

better. One that hath let go himſelfe from the hold and ſtay of reaſon, and lyes open to the mercy of all temptations. No luſt but finds him diſarmed and fenceleſſe, and with the leaſt aſſault enters. If any miſchief eſcape him, it was not his fault, for he laid as fair for it, as he could. Every man ſees him, as *Cham* ſaw his Father the firſt of this ſinne, *an uncovered man*, and though his garments be on, uncovered, the ſecreteſt parts of his ſoul lying in the nakedſt manner viſible: all his paſſions come out now, all his vanities, and thoſe, ſhameſuller humours which diſcretion cloaths. His

body becomes at last like a myrie way, where the spirits are beclog'd and cannot passe: all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with his eyes, and a Cripple with legs on. All the use he hath of this Vessell himselfe, is to hold thus much: for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that filled out again into the Room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves to air him after a washing, and is his only breath, and breathing while. He is the greatest enemy to him-

himſelfe, and the next to his friend, and then moſt in the act of his kindneſſe, for his kindneſſe is but trying a maſtery, who ſhall ſinke down firſt: And men come from him as a battell, wounded, and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and buſineſſe, and makes him more rechleſly careleſſe, what becomes of all. Indeed he dares not enter on a ſerious thought, or if he do, it is ſuch melancholly, that it ſends him to be drunk again.

11 *A Younger Brother.*

HIs elder Brother was the *Esau* that came out first, and left him like *Jacob* at his heeles. His Father has done with him, as *Pharaoh* to the Children of *Israel*, that would have them make brick, and give them no straw; so he takes him to be a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it. The pride of his House hath undone him, which the elders Knighthood must sustaine, and his beggery that Knighthood. His birth and bringing up will not suffer him to descend to the meanes to get wealth: but

but he ſtands at the mercy of the World, and which is worſe, of his brother. He is ſomething better then the Servingmen; yet they more fancy with him, then he bold with the Maſter, who beholds him with a countenance of ſterne awe, and checks him oftner then his Liveries. His Brothers old ſuits and he are much alike in requeſt, and caſt off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furniſht him with a little more wit upon compaſſion; for it is like to be his beſt revenue. If his Annuity ſtretch ſo far, he is ſent to the Univerſity, and with great heart-burning

takes upon him the Miniſtry, as a profeſſion he is condemned to: by his ill fortune others take a more crooked path, yet the Kings highway; where at length their Vizzard is pluckt off, and they ſtrike ſail for *Tyborne*: but their Brothers pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His laſt refuge is the Low-countries, where rags and lice are no ſcandal, where he lives a poor Gentleman of a Company, and dyes without a ſhirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art he hath to make a Gentlewoman, wherewith he baites now and then ſome rich Widow that is hungry after his Bloud.

Bloud. He is commonly discontented and desperate, and the form of his exclamation is, *that churl my brother.* He loves not his Country for this unnaturall custome, and would have long since revolted to the *Spaniard*, but for *Kent* onely, which he holds in admiration.

12. *A meer formall man.*

IS somewhat more then the shape of a man; for he hath his length, breadth, and colour. When you have seen his out-side, you have lookt thorow him, and need im-

ploy your diſcovery no farther. His reaſon is meerly example; and his action is not guided by his underſtanding, but he ſees other men do thus and he follows them. He is a *Negative*, for we cannot call him a wiſe man, but not a fool: nor an honeſt man, but not a knave; nor a Proteſtant, but not a Papiſt. The chief burthen of his brain is the carriage of his body, and the ſetting of his face in a good frame: which he performes the better, becauſe he is not disjoynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet ſubject, and he prayes as he ſwears, in the phraſe of the Land. He is a

fair

faire gueſt, and a faire inviter, and can excuſe his good cheere in the accuſtomed Apology. He hath ſome faculty in mangling of a Rabbet, and the diſtribution of his morſell to a neighbour trencher. He apprehends a jeſt by ſeeing men ſmile, and laughs orderly himſelf, when it comes to his turn. His buſineſſes with his friends are to viſit them, and whilſt the buſineſſe is no more, he can perform this well enough. His diſcourſe is the newes that he hath gathered in his walke, and for other matters his diſcretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, ſay nothing. His life is like one that

runs to the Church-walke, to take a turn or two, and ſo paſſes. He hath ſtay'd in the world to fill a number, and when he is gone, there wants one and there's an end.

13. *A Church-Papiſt.*

IS one that parts his Religion betwixt his conſcience and his purſe, and comes to Church not to ſerve God, but the King. The face of the Law makes him wear the maske of the Goſpel, which he uſes not as a means to ſave his Soul, but charges. He loves *Popery* well, but is loth to loſe by it, and though he be ſomething ſcared with the

the Bulls of *Rome*, yet they are far off, and he is ſtruck with more terrour at the Apparitor. Once a month he preſents himſelf at the Church, to keep off the Church-warden, and brings in his body to ſave his bayl. He kneels with the Congregation, but prayes by himſelf and asks God forgiveneſſe for comming thither. If he be forced to ſtay out a Sermon, he pulls his hat over his eyes, and frowns out the hour, and when he comes home, thinks to make amends for this fault by abuſing the Preacher. His main policy is to ſhift off the *Communion*, for which he is never unfurniſht of a quarrel,

and

and will be ſure to be out of Charity at *Eaſter*; and indeed he lies not, for he hath a quarrell to the *Sacrament*. He would make a bad Martyr, and a good traveller, for his conſcience is ſo large, he could never wander out of it, and in *Conſtantinople* would be circumciſed with a reſervation. His wife is more zealous, and therefore more coſtly; and he bates her in tyres what ſhe ſtands him in Religion. But we leave him hatching plots againſt the State, and expecting *Spinola*.

14. *A Priſon.*

IS the grave of the living, where they are ſhut up from the world, and their friends and the worms that gnaw upon them, their own thoughts, and the Jaylor. A houſe of meager looks and ill ſmells: for lice, drink, Tobacco, are the compound; *Pluto's* Court was expreſt from this fancy. And the perſons are much about the ſame party that is there. You may ask as *Manippus* in *Lucian* which is *Nireus*, which *Therſites*, which the Beggar, which the Knight: for they are all ſuited in the ſame form of

of a kind of nasty poverty. Only to be out at elbowes is in fashion here, and a great Indecorum not to be threadbare. Every man shews here like so many wracks upon the Sea, here the ribs of a thousand pounds, here the relique of so many Manours, a doublet without buttons; And 'tis a spectacle of more pity then executions are. The company one with other is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rayle on fortune, and fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers,

as

as men that have had a great ſtroke in aſſiſting them hither. Mirth here is ſtupidity or hard-heartedneſſe, yet they faine it ſometimes to ſlip melancholy and keep off themſelves from themſelves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no uſe, and wear it out like an old ſuit, the faſter the better: and he that deceives the time beſt, beſt ſpends it. It is the Place where new commers are moſt welcommed, and next them ill newes, as that which extends their fellowſhip in miſery, and leaves few to inſult: and they breath their diſcontents more ſecure-

ly

ly here and have their tongues at more liberty then abroad. Men see here much sinne, and much calamity: and where the last does not mortifie, the other hardens; and those that are worse, here, are desperately worse as those from whom the horrour of sinne is taken off, and the punishment familiar. And commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this schoole: which though it teach much wisdome, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better be a fool, then come here to learn it.

15. *A selfe-conceited Man.*

IS one that knows himselfe so well that he does not know himselfe. Two *excellent well dones* have undone him; and he is guilty of it that first commended him to madnesse. He is now become his own Book, which he poars on continually, yet like a truant-reader skips over the harsh places, and surveyes only that which is pleasant. In the speculation of his own good parts, his eyes, like a drunkards, see all double, and his fancy like an old mans Spe-

Spectacles, make a great letter in a ſmall print. He imagines every place where he comes, his Theater, and not a look ſtirring, but his ſpectator; and conceives mens thoughts to be very idle, that is, only buſie about him. His walk is ſtill in the faſhion of a March, and like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes moſt fixt upon his own perſon, or on others with reflection to himſelf. If he have done any thing that has paſt with applauſe, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extaſie his hearers were in at every period. His diſcourſe is all *poſitions*, and *definitive* decrees, with

thus

thus it must be, and thus it is, and he will not humble his authority to prove it. His Tenent is alwayes singular, and aloof from the vulgar as he can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He has an excellent humour for an Heretique, and in these dayes made the first *Arminian*. He prefers *Ramus* before *Aristotle*, and *Paracelsus* before *Galen*, and whosoever with most paradox is commended. He much pitties the world that has no more insight in his parts, when he is too well discovered, even to this very thought. A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he

he knows before; and yet he loves him too, becauſe he is like himſelf. Men are mercifull to him, and let him alone; for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out: his own bitter enemy, and diſcontent preſently makes a murther. In ſumme, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the leaſt flaw cruſhes to nothing.

16. *A Servingman.*

IS one of the makings up of a Gentleman, as well as his cloaths: and ſomewhat in the ſame nature, for he is caſt

caſt behinde his Maſter as faſhionably as his ſword and Cloake are, and he is but *in querpo* without him. His properneſs qualifies him, and of that a good legge: for his head he has little uſe but to keep it bare. A good dull wit beſt ſuits with him, to comprehend common ſence, and a trencher: for any greater ſtore of brain it makes him but tumultuous, and ſeldom thrives with him. He follows his Maſters ſteps, as well in Conditions as the Street: if he Wench, or drink, he comes after in an under kinde, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him: he is indeed wholly his Maſters, of his faction,

ction, of his cut, of his pleaſures: he is handſome for his credit, and drunk for his credit; and if he have power in the Celler, commands the pariſh. He is one that keeps the beſt company, and is none of it: for he knowes all the Gentlemen his Maſters knowes, and pickes from them ſome Hawking, and horſe-race termes, which he ſwaggers with in the alehouſe, where he is onely called Maſter. His mirth is bawdy jeſts with the wenches, and behinde the door bawdy earneſt. The beſt worke he does is his marrying, for it makes an honeſt women, and if he follow in it his Maſters direction, it is

is commonly the beſt ſervice he does him.

17. *A too idle reſerved man.*

IS one that is a fool with diſcretion, or a ſtrange piece of Politician, that manages the ſtate of himſelfe. His actions are his Privy Counſell, wherein no man muſt partake beſide. Hee ſpeaks under rule and preſcription, and dare not ſhew his teeth without *Machiavel*. He converſes with his neighbours as he would in *Spain*, and fears an inquiſitive man as much as the *Inquiſition*. He ſuſ-

ſuſpects all queſtions for examinations, and thinks you *would pick ſomething out of him*, and avoides you. His breſt is like a Gentlewomans cloſet, which locks up every toy or trifle; or ſome braging Mountebank, that makes every ſtinking thing a ſecret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of ſilence, and whiſpers you in the ear Acts of Parliament. You may as ſoon wreſt a tooth from him as a paper, and whatſoever he reads is Letters. He dares not talk of great men for fear of bad comments, and *he knows not how his words may be miſplaced.* Ask his opinion

pinion, and he tells you his doubt: and he never hears any thing more astonishtly than that he knowes before. His words are like the Cards at *Primiviste*; where six is eighteen, and seven one and twenty, for they never signifie what they sound; but if he tell you he will doe a thing, it is as much as if he swore he would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier then they are, and puts himself to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and designes, where they mean freely. He hath been long a Riddle himself, but at last findes *Oedypusses*; for his over-acted dissimulation

discovers him, and men doe with him as they would with Hebrew letters, spell him backwards, and read him.

18. A Tavern

IS a degree, or (if you will) a pair of staires above an Alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and Apology. If the Vintners nose be at door, it is a signe sufficient, but the absence of this is supplyed by the Ivy-bush: The roomes are ill breathed like the drinkers that have been washt well over night, and are smelt too fasting next morning, not furnisht with beds apt to be defiled,

defiled, but more neceſſary implements, Stools, Table, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news then Hogſheads, and more jeſts then news, which are ſuckt up here by ſome ſpungy brain, and from thence ſqueezed into a Comedie. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noiſe, and this muſick above is anſwered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the civilleſt people in it, men of *good bringing up*; and howſoever we eſteem of them, none can boaſt more juſtly of their *high calling*. It is the beſt Theater of natures, where they are truely acted, not plaid, and

the buſineſſe as in the reſt of the World up and down, to wit, from the bottome of the Celler to the great Chamber. A melancholy Man would find matters to work upon, to ſee heads as brittle as glaſſes, and often broken men come hither to quarrell, and come hither to be made friends: and if *Plutarch* will lend me his Simile, it is even *Telephus* his ſword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common conſumption of the Afternoon, and the murder, or maker away of a rainy day. It is the *Torrid Zone* that ſcorches the face, and Tobacco the gun-powder that blows it up. Much

harm

harm would be done if the charitable Vintner had not Water ready for theſe flames. A houſe of ſin you may call it, but not a houſe of darkneſſe, for the Candles are never out: and it is like thoſe Countries far in the North, where it is as clear at midnight as at mid day. After a long ſitting, it becomes like a ſtreet in a daſhing ſhowre, where the ſpouts are fluſhing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like ſwelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give the totall reckoning of it, it is the buſie mans recreation, the idle mans buſineſſe, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the

Inns-a-Court mans entertainment; the Scollars kindneſſe; and the Citizens courteſie. It is the ſtudy of ſparkling wits, and a cup of Sherry their book, where we leave them.

19. A Sharke

IS one whom all other means have failed, and he now lives of himſelf. He is ſome needy caſheer'd fellow, whom the World hath oft flung off, yet ſtill claſps again; and is like one a drowning, faſtens upon any thing that is next at hand. Amongſt other of his ſhipwracks he hath happily loſt ſhame, and this

this want supplyes him. No man puts his brain to more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new Stratagem. He hath an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there past but *How do you* betwixt them seven years ago, it shall suffice for an Imbrace, and that for money, He offers you a Pottle of Sack out of his joy to see you, and in requitall of this courtesie, you can do no lesse then pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a Schoolboy with his poynts, when he is going to be whipt, till the Master weary with long Stay, forgives him. When the reckoning

koning is paid, he sayes, *it must not be so*, yet is straight pacified, and cries, what remedy. His borrowings are like *subsidies*, each man a shilling or two, as he can well dispend, which they lend him, not with the hope to be repayed, but that he will come no more. He holds a strange tyranny over men, and he is their Debtor, and they fear him as a Creditor. He is proud of any employment though it be but to carry commendations, which he will be sure to deliver at eleven of the clock. They in courtesie bid him stay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he finds but a good

look

look to assure his welcome, he becomes their half-boorder, and haunts the threshold so long, till he forces good nature to the necessity of a quarrell. Publick invitations he will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witnesse of the Sheriffs Hospitality. Men shun him at length as they do an infection, and he is never croſt in his way, if there be but a lane to escape him. He hath done with the Age as his cloaths to him, hung on as long as he could, and at last drops off.

20. *An insolent man*

IS a fellow newly great, and newly proud: one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom Fortune hath shot up to some office or Authority, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tells you, and concludes every Period with his Place, which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were very

very angry, but eſpecially on thoſe of his acquaintance whom he beats off with a ſurlier diſtance, as men apt to miſtake him, becauſe they have known him. And for this cauſe *he knowes not you till you have told him your name, which he thinks he hath heard, but forgot, and with much adoe ſeemes to recover.* If you have any thing to uſe him in, you are his Vaſſall for that time, and muſt give him the patience of any injury, which he does onely to ſhew what he may doe. He ſnaps you up bitterly, becauſe he will be offended, and tells you, you are ſawcy and troubleſome, and ſometimes takes your money

in

this language. His very Courteſies are intollerable, they are done with ſuch arrogance and imputation, and he is the onely man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungratefull; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice drawes with it a more general hoſtility, and makes men readier to ſearch into his faults, and of them, his beginning: and no tale ſo unlikely but it is willingly heard of him, and believed. And commonly ſuch men are of no merit at all: but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themſelves with a ſtately kind of behaviour

our from that contempt would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deale of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them, without breach of good Nature.

21. *Acquaintance*

IS the first draught of a friend, who we must lay down oft thus, as the foul coppy before we can write perfect, and true: for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our respect, till at last they wholly possess us. For acquaintance is the hoard, and friendship the pair chosen out of it: by which

which at last we begin to impropriate, and encloſe to our ſelves, what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it growes not up to this, it falls as low as may be: and no poorer relation, then old acquaintance, of whom we aske onely how they do for faſhion-ſake, and care not. The ordinary uſe of acquaintance is but ſomewhat a more boldneſſe of Society, a ſharing of talke, newes, drink, mirth together: but ſorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing nearer our heart, and to be delivered with it. Nothing eaſier then to create acquaintance: the meer being in company

once

once doth it; whereas friendſhip like children is ingendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together: when we are acquainted not with their virtues onely, but their faults to their paſſions, their feares, their ſhame, and are bold on both ſides to make their diſcovery. And as it is in the love of the body, which is then at the height and full, when it hath power and admittance into the hidden and worſt parts of it: So it is in friendſhip with the mind, when thoſe *verenda* of the Soul, and thoſe things which we dare not ſhew the world are bare and detected one to the other. Some men

are

are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none; for friendship is a sullenner thing, as a Contracter and taker up of our affections to some few, and suffers them not loosely to be scattered on all men. The pooreſt tye of acquaintance, is that of place and Country, which are shifted as the place and miss'd but while the fancy of that continues. These are only then gladdeſt of other, when they meet in some forreign region, where the encompassing of strangers unites them closer, till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminency, as their acquaintance, is more

sought

ſought for, ſo they are generally more ſtaunch of it, not out of pride only, but fear to let too many in too neer them; for it is with men as with pictures, the beſt ſhew better afarre off and at diſtance: and the cloſer you come to them, the courſer they are. The beſt judgement of a man, is taken from his acquaintance, for friends and enemies are both partiall: whereas theſe ſee him trueſt, becauſe calmlieſt, and are no way ſo engaged to lye for him. And men that grow ſtrange after acquaintance, ſeldome piece together again, as thoſe that have taſted meat and diſlike it, out of a mutuall expe-

rience

rience diſreliſhing one another.

22. *A Carrier*

IS his own Hackney-man: for he lets himſelf out to travell as well as his horſes. He is the ordinary Embaſſadour between Friend and Friend, the Father and the Son, and brings rich Preſents to the one, but never returns any back again. He is no *unletter'd* man, though in ſhew ſimple: for queſtionleſs he hath much in his Budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place: He is the Vault in *Gloceſter* Church, that conveyes Whiſpers at a diſtance;

distance; for he takes the ſound out of your mouth at *York*, and makes it be heard as far as *London*. He is the young Students joy and expectation, and the moſt accepted Gueſt, to whom they lend a willing hand to diſcharge him of his burthen. His firſt greeting is commonly, *your Friends are well*; and to prove it, in a piece of Gold delivers their bleſſing. You would think him a churliſh blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the High-wayes, and beats them out of meaſure; which injury is ſometimes revenged by the Purſe-

taker,

taker; and then the Voyage miſcarries. No man domineers more in his Inne, nor calls his Hoſt unreverently with more preſumption, and his arrogance proceeds out of the ſtrength of his Horſes. He forgets not his eaſe, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the Prodigall Child, ſtill packing away, and ſtill returning again. But let him paſſe.

23. *A meer Complemental Man.*

IS one to be held off ſtill at the ſame diſtance you are now; for you ſhall have him but thus, and if you enter on him

him further, you loſe him. Methinks *Virgil* well expreſſes him in thoſe well-behav'd ghoſts that *Æneas* met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but if he graſpt them, but ayre. He is one that lyes kindly to you, and for good faſhion ſake, and 'tis diſcourteſie in you to believe him. His words are but ſo many fine phraſes ſet together, which ſerve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpoſe. Each freſh encounter with a man, puts him to the ſame part again, and he goes over to you, what he ſaid to him was laſt with him. *He kiſſes your hand as he kiſſed his before, and is your*

ſervant

ſervant to be commanded, but you ſhall intreat him of nothing. His profers are univerſall and generall, with exceptions againſt all particulars; he will do any thing for you: but if you urge him to this, he cannot, or to that, he is engag'd; but he will do any thing. Promiſes he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners, not to exact them: if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt what is ſpoken, and what is meant. No man gives better ſatisfaction at the firſt, and comes off more with the Elogie of a kind Gentleman, till you know

know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most rail at him, that have before most commended him. The best is he cozens you in a fair manner, and abuses you with great respect.

24. *A poor Fidler.*

IS a man and a Fiddle out of case: and he in worse case then his Fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the *Indians* strike fire) and rubbs a poor living out of it; partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing then giving him. For he sells nothing dearer then to be gone:

gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two: and yet he begs too, onely not in the down-right *for God-sake*, *but with a shrugging God bless you*, and his face is more pin'd then the blind mans. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring *John Dorey*: otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the sent. His other Pilgrimages are Fairs and good Houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas: and no man

man loves good times better. He is in league with the Tapsters for the Worshipfull of the Inne, who he torments next morning with his Art, and has their Names more perfect then their men. A new song is better to him then a new Jacket; especially if bawdy, which he calls merry: and he hates naturally the *Puritan*, as an enemy to this mirth. A Country Wedding, and *Whitson*-Ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a Musician, and over-looks the Bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunk, and in the Stocks.

25. *A Young man.*

HE is now out of Natures protection, though not yet able to guide himself. But left looſe to the World, and Fortune, from which the weakneſſe of his Child-hood preſerv'd him, and now his ſtrength expoſes him. He is indeed juſt of age to be miſerable, yet in his own conceit firſt begins to be happy; and he is happier in this imagination, and his miſery not felt is leſſe. He ſees yet but the out-ſide of the World and Men, and conceives them according to their appearing gliſter, and out of this ignorance believes them.

them. He purſues all vanities for happineſſe, and enjoyes them beſt in this fancy. His reaſon ſerves not to curb, but underſtand his appetite, and proſecute the motions thereof with a more eager earneſtneſs. Himſelfe is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray haires, and performes it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age, as the faſhion and cuſtome with which he longs to be acquainted; and ſinnes to better his underſtanding. He conceives his Youth as the ſeaſon of his Luſt, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad: and be-

cauſe he would not loſe his time, ſpends it. He diſtaſts Religion as a ſad thing, and is ſix years elder for a thought of Heaven. He ſcornes and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the ſame inflamation: and when the heat is over, is coole alike to friends and enemies. His friendſhip is ſeldome ſo ſtedfaſt but that luſt, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to day in kindneſſe, and is ready to take yours to morrow. He do's ſeldome any thing which he wiſhes not to doe again, and is onely wiſe after a misfortune.

tune. He ſuffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wiſe man. He is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more virtuous out of weakneſſe. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambuſh. He is a Ship without Pilot or Tackling, and onely good fortune may ſteer him. If he ſcape this age, he has ſcap'd a Tempeſt, and may live to be a Man.

26. *An old Colledge Butler*

IS none of the worſt Students in the Houſe, for he keeps the ſet hours at his book more duly than any. His authority is great over

mens good *names*, which he charges many times with ſhrewd aſperſions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His Box and Counter proves him to be a man of reckoning; yet he is ſtricter in his accounts than a Uſurer, and delivers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the pains of *Gallobelgicus*; for his Bookes go out once a quarter, and they are much in the ſame nature, brief notes and Sums of affaires, and are out of requeſt as ſoon. His commings in are like a Taylors from his ſhreds of bread, the chippings, and remnants of the broken cruſt: excepting his vailes from the barrell,

rell, which poor folks buy for their hogs, but drink themſelves. He divides a half-penny loaf with more ſubtilty then *Kerkman*, and ſubdivides the *A primo ortum* ſo nicely, that a ſtomack of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. He is a very ſober man, conſidering his manifold temptations of drink and ſtrangers; and if he be over-ſeen, it is within his own liberties, and no man ought to take exception. He is never ſo well pleaſed with his place, as when a Gentleman is beholding to him for ſhewing him the Buttery, whom he greets with a cup of ſingle Beer, and ſliced Man-

chet, and tells him *'Tis the fashion of the Colledge.* He domineers over Fresh-men when they first come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of *Cues* and *Cees*, and some broken *Latin* which he has learnt at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary are the warming of a pair of Cards, and telling out a dozen of Counters for *Post and Pair*, and no man is more methodical in these businesses. Thus he spends his age, till the tap of it is run out, and then a fresh one is set abroach.

27. *A medling man*

IS one that has nothing to doe with his buſineſs, and yet no man buſier than he, and his buſineſſe is moſt in his face. He is one thruſts himſelfe violently into all employments, unſent for, un-feed, and many times unthanked, and his part in it is onely an eager buſtling, that rather keeps adoe, than do's any thing. He will take you aſide, and queſtion you of your affair, and liſten with both eares, and look earneſtly, and then it is nothing ſo much yours as his. He ſnatches what you are doing

out of your hands, and cryes *Give it me*, and does it worſe, and layes an engagement upon you too, and you muſt thank him for this pains. He layes you down a hundred wilde plots, all impoſſible things, which you muſt be ruled by perforce, and he delivers them with a ſerious and counſeling forehead, and there is a great deal more wiſedome in this forehead than his head: he will woo for you, ſollicite for you, and woo you to ſuffer him; and ſcarce any thing done, wherein his letter or his journey, or at leaſt himſelf is not ſeen: if he have no taske in it elſe, he will rail yet on ſome ſide,

and

and is often beaten when hee need not. Such men never thorowly weigh any buſineſs; but are forward onely to ſhew their zeal, when many times this forwardneſſe ſpoils it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is as much hurt. Wiſe men ſtill deprecate theſe mens kindneſſes, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone, as being one trouble more in all buſineſſe, and which a man ſhall be hardeſt rid of.

28. *An Up-ſtart Knight*

IS a Holy-day Clown, and differs onely in the ſtuff of his Cloaths, not the ſtuffe of him-

himſelf : for he bare the King's Sword before he had arms to wield it; yet being once laid o're the ſhoulder with a Knight-hood, he finds the Herauld his friend. His Father was a man of good ſtock, though but a *Tanner*, or *Uſurer*; he purchaſt the Land, and his Son the Title. He has doft off the name of a Country-fellow, but the look not ſo eaſie, and his face bears ſtill a reliſh of Churn-milk. He is guarded with more gold Lace then all the Gentlemen oth' Country, yet his body makes his cloathes ſtill out of faſhion. His houſe-keeping is ſeen much in the diſtinct families of dogs, and Serving-

men

men attendant on their kennels; and the deepneſſe of their throats is the depth of their diſcourſe. An Hawk he eſteems the true burthen of Nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to ſeem delighted in the ſport, and have his fiſt Glov'd with his Jeſſes. A Juſtice of Peace he is to domineer in his Pariſh, and do his neighbour wrong with more right. He will be drunk with his Hunters for company, and ſtain his Gentility with droppings of Ale. He is fearfull of being Sheriffe of the Shire by inſtinct; and dreads the Aſſize-week as much as the Priſoner. In ſumme, he's but a clod

clod of his own earth; or his Land is the Dunghill, and he the Cock that crowes over it. And commonly his race is quickly run, and his Childrens Children, though they ſcape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

29. *A Good old Man*

IS the beſt Antiquity, and which we may with leaſt vanity admire. One whom Time hath been thus long a working, and like Winter fruit, ripen'd when others are ſhaken down. He hath taken out as many leſſons of the words, as days, and learnt the beſt

beſt thing in it, the vanity of it. He looks o'rre his former life as a danger well paſt, and would not hazard himſelf to begin again. His luſt was long broken before his body, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakneſſe. The next door of death ſads him not, but he expects it calmly, as his turn of Nature, and fears more his recoyling back to childiſhneſs than duſt. All men look on him as a common Father, and on old age for his ſake, as a reverent thing. His very preſence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an *indecorum* in a vicious man.

He

He practiſes his experience on youth without the harſhneſſe of reproof, and in his counſell his good company. He has ſome old ſtories ſtill of his own ſeeing to confirm what he ſays, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troubleſome neither with the ſame tale again, but remembers with them, how oft he has told them. His old ſayings and morals ſeem proper to his beard: and the Poetry of *Cato* do's well out of his mouth, and he ſpeaks it, as if he were the Author. He is not apt to put the Boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a Boy; but can diſtinguiſh gravity from a ſowre looke; and

and the leſſe teſty he is, the more regarded. You muſt pardon him if he like his own times better then theſe; becauſe thoſe things are follies to him now, that were wiſdome then: yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we ſee him, and conjecture thoſe times by ſo good a Relique. He is a man capable of a dearneſs with the youngeſt men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at laſt, too ſoon whenſoever, with all mens ſorrow but his own, and his memory is freſh, when it is twice as old.

30. *A Gallant*

IS one that was born and ſhap'd for his Cloathes, and, if *Adam* had not faln, had liv'd to no purpoſe: He gratulates therefore the firſt ſin, and fig-leaves, that were an occaſion of bravery. His firſt care is his dreſſe, the next his body, and in the uniting of theſe two lies his ſoul and it's faculties. He obſerves *London* trulier then the Termes; and his buſineſſe is the Street, the Stage, the Court, and thoſe places where a proper man is beſt ſhown. If he be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is

is ſo much the more gentle and compleat, and he learnes the beſt oathes for the purpoſe. Theſe are a great part of his diſcourſe, and he is as curious in their newneſſe as the faſhion. His other talk is Ladies and ſuch pretty things, or ſome jeſt at a Play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his diſcourſe, ſo does his body; the upper parts whereof are as ſtarcht as his linnen, and perchance uſe the ſame Laundreſs. He has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boot, and takes a great delight in his walk to hear his Spurs gingle. Though his life paſs ſomewhat ſlidingly, yet he

ſeems

ſeems very carefull of the time, for he is ſtill drawing his Watch out of his pocket, and ſpends part of his hours in numbring them. He is one never ſerious but with his Taylor, when he is in conſpiracy for the next device. He is furniſh'd with his Jeſts, as ſome wander with Sermons, ſome three for all Congregations, one eſpecially againſt the Scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knowes by no other definition, but *ſilly fellow in black*; He is a kinde of walking Mercers Shop, and ſhewes you one Stuff to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the roomes he comes

comes in, as the faire Bed and Hangings be; and is meerly ratable accordingly, fifty or an hundred Pound, as his ſuit is. His main ambition is to get a Knight-hood, and then an old Lady; which if he be happy in, he fills the Stage and a Coach ſo much longer. Otherwiſe, himſelf and his cloathes grow ſtale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dyes in the Jayle or the Country.

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31. *A Conſtable*

IS a Vice-Roy in the ſtreet, and no man ſtands more upon't, that he is the King's officer.

Officer. His Juriſdiction extends to the next ſtocks, where he has Commiſſion for the heels onely, and ſets the reſt of the body at liberty. He is a Scare-crow to that Alehouſe where he drinks not his mornings draught, and apprehends a Drunkard for not *ſtanding in the Kings Name.* Beggers fear him more than the Juſtice, and as much as the Whipſtock, whom he delivers over to ſubordinate Magiſtrates, the Bride-well-man, and the Beadle. He is a great ſtickler in the tumults of double Jugs, and ventures his Head by his Place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace.

peace. He never is so much in his Majesty, as in his night-watch, where he sits in his Chair of state, a Shop-stall, and inviron'd with a guard of Halberts examines all passengers. He is a very carefull man in his Office, but if he stay up after Midnight, you shall take him napping.

32. *A Flatterer*

IS the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatters many times, so he oft shews fairer then the true substance: His look, conversation, company, and all the outwardnesse of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take

take the liberty to be ſometimes offenſive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the leaſt hold go, for fear of loſing you: Your meer ſowre look affrights him, and makes him doubt his caſheering: and this is one ſure mark of him, that he is never firſt angry, but ready, though upon his own wrong, to make ſatisfaction. Therefore he is never yok'd with a poor man, or any that ſtands on the lower ground, but whoſe fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns firſt, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humours, then himſelf, and by this

this door enters upon his Soul: of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump even with yours: he is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you: he will commend to you first what he knows you like, and hath always some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man: he will ask your counsell sometimes, as a man of deep judgement, and has a secret of purpose to

disclose you, and whatsoever you say, is perswaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, *You are too good, too honest, too religious*; when his chiding may seem but the earnester commendation, and yet would fain chide you out of them too: for your vice

is

is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him; and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from your self, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happinesse not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

33. *A down-right Schollar*

IS one that has much learning in the Ore unwrought, and untry'd, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good mettall in the inside, though

though rough and unscour'd without, and therefore hated of the Courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a veine of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition; and no unlucky absurdity, but is put upon his profession, and done like a Schollar. But his fault is onely this, that his minde is somewhat too much taken up with his minde, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides: he has not put on the quaint Garb of the Age, which is now a mans *Imprimis, and all the Item*: he has not humbled his Meditations to the industry of Com-

plement

plement, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg: his body is not ſet upon nice Pins to be turning and flexible for every motion; but his ſcrape is homely, and his nod worſe: he cannot kiſſe his hand and cry *Madam*, nor talk idle enough to bear her company: his ſmacking of a Gentlewoman is ſomewhat too ſavoury, and he miſtakes her noſe for her lip. A very Woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a Capon: he has not the glib faculty of ſliding over a tale, but his words come ſqueamiſhly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before

the jeſt. He names this word Colledge too often, and his diſcourſe beats too much on the Univerſity. The perplexity of mannerlineſſe will not let him feed, and he is ſharp ſet at an argument when he ſhould cutt his meat. He is diſcarded for a Gameſter at all Games but *One-and-thirty*, and at Tables he reaches not beyond *Doublets*. His Fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a *Fiddle*, but his Fiſt is clunch't with the habit of diſputing. He aſcends a Horſe ſomewhat ſiniſterly, though not on the left ſide, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly

ceedingly cenſur'd by the Innes-a-Courtmen, for that hainous vice being out of faſhion. He cannot ſpeak to a Dog in his own Dialect, and underſtands Greek better then the Language of a Faulkoner. He has been uſed to a dark room, and dark Cloaths, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin ſuit. The Hermitage of his Study, has made him ſomewhat uncouth in the World, and men make him worſe by ſtaring on him. Thus is he ſilly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for ſome quarter of a year out of the Univerſity. But practiſe him a little in men,

and bruſh him o're with good company, and he ſhall out-ballance thoſe gliſterers, as far as a ſolid ſubſtance does a feather, or Gold Lace.

34. *A high ſpirited man*

IS one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth ſake, for they are onely too proud to be baſe. One whom no rate can buy off from the leaſt piece of his freedome, and make him diſgeſt an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to poſſeſſe him, nor fall low to the earth, to rebound never

never ſo high again. He ſtands taller on his own bottom, than others on the advantage ground of Fortune, as having ſolidly that honour, of which Title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great ſtyles ſake, but is ſtrictly juſt in the exaction of reſpect again, and will not bate you a Complement. He is more ſenſible of a neglect than an undoing, and ſcornes no man ſo much as his ſurly threatner. A man quickly fired and quickly laid down with ſatisfaction, but remits any injury ſooner than words. Onely to himſelf he is irreconcile-

able, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner; he is one had rather perish, than be beholding for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him; but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defence. You shall hear him talke still after thousands; and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the World and its drudgery, and cannot pull down

down his thoughts to the pelting buſineſſes of life. He would ſooner accept the Gallowes then a mean trade, or any thing that might diſparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably baſe to hanging neither. One that will do nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwiſe: and if ever he do evill, it is when he is dar'd to it. He is one that if fortune equall his worth, puts a luſter in all preferment, but, if otherwiſe he be too much croſt, turns deſperately melancholy, and ſcorns mankind.

35. *A plain Country Fellow*

IS one that manures his ground well, but lets himſelfe lye fallow and untill'd. He has reaſon enough to do his buſineſſe, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He ſeems to have the puniſhment of *Nebuchadnezzar*: for his converſation is among Beaſts, and his Tallons none of the ſhorteſt, onely he eats not graſſe, becauſe he loves not Sallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and Land-mark is the very

ry mound of his meditations. He expoſtulates with his Oxen very underſtandingly, and ſpeaks *Gee* and *Ree* better then *Engliſh*. His minde is not much diſtracted with objects: but if a good fat Cow come in his way, he ſtands dumb and aſtoniſht, and though his haſte be never ſo great, will fix here halfe an houres contemplation. His habitation is ſome poor Thatch'd Roof, diſtinguiſht from his Barn, by the loop-holes that let out ſmoak, which the Rain had long ſince waſht thorow, but for the double ſeeling of Bacon on the inſide, which

which has hung there from his Grandſires time, and is yet to make raſhers for poſterity. His Dinner is his other work; for he ſweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible faſtner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to ſtave the Guard off ſooner. His Religion is a part of his Copy hold; which he takes from his Land-lord, and refers it wholly to his diſcretion. Yet if he give him leave, he is a good Chriſtian to his power, that is, comes to Church in his beſt cloaths, and ſits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Pray-

Prayers, for rain, and for fair weather. He apprehends Gods bleſſings onely in a Good Year, or a fat paſture; and never prayſes him but on *good ground*. Sunday he eſteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a Bag-pipe as eſſentiall to it as Evening Prayer, where he walkes very ſolemnly after ſervice with his hands coupled behinde him, and cenſures the dauncing of his Pariſh. His Complement with his Neighbour, is a good thump on the back; and his ſalutation commonly ſome blunt Curſe. He thinks nothing to be vices,

but

but Pride, and all ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the Youth, and has some thrifty Hobnaile Proverbs to Clout his Discourse. He is a Niggard all the Week, except onely on Market Day, where if his Corn sell well, he thinks he may be Drunk with a good Conscience. His feet never stink so unbecommingly, as when he trots after a Lawyer in *Westminster*-Hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping, in beseeching his Worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a Stack of Corn,

Corn, or the overflowing of a Medow, and thinks *Noahs* Flood the greateſt Plague that ever was; not becauſe it Drowned the World, but ſpoyl'd the graſſe. For Death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his Harveſt before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

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36. *A meer Gull Citizen*

IS one much about the ſame modell, and pitch of brain that the Clown is, only of ſomewhat a more polite, and finicall Ignorance.

rance, and as fillily ſcorns him, as he is fillily admir'd by him. The quality of the City hath affoorded him ſome better dreſſe of Cloathes and Language, which he uſes to the beſt advantage, and is ſo much the more ridiculous. His chiefe education is the viſits of his Shop, where if Courtiers, and fine Ladies reſort, he is infected with ſo much more eloquence; and if he catch one word extraordinary, wears it for ever. You ſhall hear him mince a compliment ſometimes, that was never made for him: and no man pays dearer for good words,

words, for he is oft payed with them. He is ſuited rather fine, than in the faſhion, and has ſtill ſomething to diſtinguiſh him from a Gentleman, though his Doublet coſt more: eſpecially on Sundayes, Bridegroom-like, where he carries the ſtate of a very ſolemn man, and keeps his Pew as his Shop: and it is a great part of his devotion to feaſt the Miniſter. But his chiefeſt Gueſt is a Cuſtomer, which is the greateſt relation he acknowledges; eſpecially, if you be an honeſt Gentleman, that is, truſt him to cozen you enough. His friend

friendſhips are a kinde of Goſſiping friendſhips, and thoſe commonly within the circle of his Trade, wherein he is careſull principally to avoid two things, that is, poor men and ſuretiſhips: he is a man will ſpend his ſix-pence with a great deal of imputation, and no man makes more of a pinte of Wine, than he: he is one beares a pretty kinde of fooliſh love to Schollars, and to *Cambridge* eſpecially, for *Sturbridge* Faire's ſake: and of theſe, all are trewants to him that are not Preachers, and of theſe, the lowdeſt the beſt: and he is *much raviſht with the noyſe of*

of a rolling tongue; he loves to hear diſcourſe out of his Element, and the leſſe he underſtands the better pleas'd, which he expreſſes in a ſmile, and ſome ſound Proteſtation. One that do's nothing without his chuck, that is, his Wife, with whom he is billing ſtill in conſpiracy, and the wantoner ſhe is, the more power ſhee has over him; and ſhee never ſtoops ſo low after him, but is the onely Woman, goes better of a Widdow than a Maid. In the education of his Childe no man fearfuller, and the danger he feares, is a harſh School-maſter to whom he

is

is alledging ſtill the weakneſſe of the body, and pays a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The firſt whipping rids him to the Univerſity, and from thence rids him again for fear of ſtarving, and the beſt he makes of him is ſome Gull in Pluſh. He is one loves to hear the famous Acts of Citizens, whereof the guilding of the Croſſe he counts the glory of this age: and the four Prentiſes of *London* above all the Nine Worthies. He intitles himſelf to all the merits of his Company, whether Schooles, Hoſpitall, or Exhibitions, in which he

is joynt benefactor, though four hundred years ago, and upbraids them far more then those that gave them: yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and in that a sufficienter man then he that is wiser.

37. A Lascivious Man

IS the servant, he says, of many Mistresses, but all are but his lust: to which onely he is faithfull, and none besides, and spends his best blood and spirits in the service. His soul is the Bawd to his

his body, and those that assist him in this nature the nearest to it. No man abuses more the name of love, or those whom he applies this name to: for his love is like his stomack, to feed on what he loves, and the end of it to surfet and loath, till a fresh appetite re-kindle him; and it kindles on any sooner, than who deserve best of him. There is a great deal of malignity in this vice, for it loves still to spoyl the best things, and a Virgin sometimes rather than Beauty, because the undoing here is greater, and consequently his glory. No man daugheth

more

more at his ſin then he, or is ſo extreamly tickled with the remembrance of it: and he is more violent to a modeſt ear, then to her he defloured. A bawdy jeſt enters deep into him; and whatſoever you ſpeak, he will draw to bawdry, and his wit is never ſo good as here. His unchaſteſt part is his Tongue, for that commits alwayes what he muſt act ſeldomer: and that commits with all which he acts with few; for he is his own worſt reporter, and men believe as bad of him, and yet do not believe him. Nothing harder to his perſwaſion,

then a chaſte man, no Eunuch, and makes a ſcoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a Maid. And from this miſtruſt it is that ſuch men fear Marriage, or at leaſt marry ſuch as are of bodies to be truſted, to whom onely they ſell that luſt which they buy of others and make their Wife a revenue to their Miſtreſſe. They are men not eaſily reformed, becauſe they are ſo little ill-perſwaded of their illneſſe, and have ſuch pleas from Man and Nature. Beſides it is a jeering and flouting vice, and apt to put jeſts upon the reprover. The Pox onely converts

verts them, and that onely when it kills them.

38. *A Player:*

HE knows the right uſe of the World, wherein he comes to play a part and ſo away. His life is not idle, for it is an Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profeſſion has in it a kinde of contradiction, for none is more diſlik'd, and yet none more applauded; and he has this misfortune, of ſome Scholar, too

much wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting Gentlewomen, seldome in his own face, seldomer in his cloathes; and he pleases, the better he counterfeits, except onely when he is disguised with straw for Gold Lace. He do's not onely personate on the Stage, but sometime in the street: for he is mask'd still in the habit of a Gentleman. His parts find him Oathes and good words, which he keeps for his use and Discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion. He is tragicall on the Stage, but rampant in the Tyring-house,

house; and ſweares oathes there which he never conn'd. The waiting-women Spectators are over-eares in love with him, and Ladies ſend for him to act in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court-men were undone but for him, he is their chief gueſt and employment, and the ſole buſineſſe that makes them Afternoons-men: The *Poet* onely is his Tyrant, and he is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. *Shrove-Tueſday* he feares as much as the Bawdes, and *Lent* is more dammage to him than the *Butcher*. He was never ſo much diſcre-

dited as in one Act, and that was of Parliament, which gives Hostlers priviledge before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt Judge. But to give him his due, one well-furnish'd Actor has enough in him for five common Gentlemen, and if he have a good body, for six; and for resolution, he shall challenge any *Cato*, for it has been his practice to dye bravely.

39. *A detracter*

IS one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not fooliſhly himſelf, but throws it abroad, and would have it bliſter others: he is commonly ſome weak-parted fellow, and worſe minded, yet is ſtrangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his Tongue to his own poorneſſe. He is indeed like the red Dragon that purſued the Woman, for when he cannot overreach another, he opens

his mouth, and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot anger him worſe, then to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, then if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own diſcredit. He is alwayes ſlighting the generall opinion, and wondring why ſuch and ſuch men ſhould be applauded. *Commend a good Divine, he cries Poſtilling; a Philologer, Pedantry; a Poet, Ryming; a Schoolman, dull wrangling; a ſharp conceit, Boyiſhneſſe; an honeſt man, Plauſibility.* He comes to publick things, not to learn, but to catch; and

and if there be but one *ſolœciſme*, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared ſowreneſſe, and is ſtill furniſhid with a *Piſh* before hand, or ſome muſty Proverbe that diſreliſhes all things whatſoever. If the fear of the company make him ſecond a commendation, it is like a Law-Writ, alwayes with a clauſe of exception, or to ſmooth the way to ſome greater ſcandall. He will grant you ſomething, and bate more, and this bating ſhall in concluſion take away all he grant. His ſpeech concludes ſtill with an *Oh but*,

and *I could wish one thing amended*; and this one thing ſhall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fiſh ſome bad out of him, and make his ſlanders hereafter more authenticke, when it is ſaid *a friend repeated it*. He will invegle you to naughtineſſe, to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to ſhew you reeling. He paſſes the more plauſibly, becauſe all men have a ſmatch of his humour, and it is thought freeneſſe, which is malice. If he can ſay nothing of a man, he will

ſeem

ſeem to ſpeak riddles, as if he could tell ſtrange ſtories if he would: and when he hath rackt his invention to the uttermoſt he ends: *But I wiſh him well, and therefore muſt hold my peace.* He is alwayes liſtning and enquiring after men, and ſuffers not a Cloak to paſſe by him unexamin'd. In brief, he is one that hath loſt all good himſelf, and is loth to find it in another.

40. *A rash Man*

IS a man too quick for himself: one whose actions put a leg still before his judgement, and out-run it. Every hot fancy or passion is the signall that sets him forward: and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to disgest a businesse, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth, and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather then take cold. He is alwayes resolved at first thinking, and the

the ground he goes upon is *hap what may.* Thus he enters not, but throwes himſelfe violently upon all things, and for the moſt part is as violently upon all off again: and as an obſtinate *I will* was the preface to his undertaking: ſo his concluſion is commonly *I would I had not*, for ſuch men ſeldome do any thing that they are not forc'd to take in pieces again, and are ſo much further off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his Phyſitians, ſought to onely in his ſickneſſe, and extremity, and to help him out of that mire

mire he hath plung'd himſelf into, for in the ſuddenneſſe of his paſſions he would hear nothing, and now his ill ſucceſſe hath allay'd him, he hears too late. He is a man ſtill ſwayed with the firſt reports, and no man more in the power of a pick thank then he. He is one will fight firſt, and then expoſtulate; condemn firſt, and then examine. He loſes his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindneſſe undoes himſelf; and then curſes the occaſion drew this miſchief upon him, *and cryes God mercy for it*, and curſes again: his Repentance is meerly

meerly a rage againſt himſelf, and he does ſomething in it ſelf to be repented again. He is a man whom Fortune muſt go againſt much to make him happy, for had he been ſuffer'd his own way, he had been undone.

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41. *A young Gentleman of the Univerſity*

IS one that comes there to wear a Gown, and to ſay hereafter, He has been at the Univerſity. His Father ſent him thither, becauſe he heard there were

the beſt Fencing and Dancing Schooles, from theſe he has his Education, from his Tutor the overſight. The firſt Element of his knowledge is to be ſhewn the Colledges, and initiated in a Tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himſelf. The two marks of his Seniority, is the bare Velvet of his Gown, and his proficiency at Tennis, where when he can once play a Set, he is a Freſh-man no more. His Study has commonly handſome Shelves, his Bookes neat Silke Strings, which he ſhewes to his Fathers man, and is loth to untye

untye or take down, for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty Book his Tutor Reads to him, which is commonly some short History, or a piece of *Euphormio*; for which his Tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loytering is at the Library, where he studies Arms and *Books of Honour*, and turns a Gentleman-Critick in Pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a Schollar, and hates a black Suit, though it be of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily

rily ſome ſtale fellow, that has been notorious for an Ingle to Gold Hatbands, whom he admires at firſt, afterward ſcorns. If he have ſpirit or wit, he may light of better company, and learn ſome flaſhes of wit which may do him Knights ſervice in the Countrey hereafter. But he is now gone to the Inns of Court, where he ſtudies to forget what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the faſhion.

42. *A weak man*

IS a Childe at Man's eſtate; one whom Nature hudled up in haſt, and left his beſt part unfurniſh'd. The reſt of him is grown to be a man, onely his brain ſtayes behinde. He is one that has not improved his firſt rudiments, nor attained any proficiency by his ſtay in the World, but we may ſpeak of him yet, as when he was in the bud, a good harmleſſe nature, a well-meaning minde, and no more. It is his miſery that he now moſt wants a Tutor

tor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many moe below a wise man: yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are; He loves men better upon relation than experience: for he is exceedingly enamour'd of Strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friends. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance growes more reserv'd. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he appre-

apprehends your hate in nothing so much, as in good counsell. One that is flexible with any thing but reasons, and then onely perverse; and you may better intice than perswade him. A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over. A great affecter of Wits, and such prettinesses, and his company is costly to him, for he seldome has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The Tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink, and to be drunk, is with him all

one; and his braine is sooner quench'd than his thirſt. He is drawn into naughtineſſe with company, but ſuffers alone, and the Baſtard commonly lay'd to his charge. One that will be patiently abus'd; and take exceptions a moneth after when he underſtands it, and then be abuſed again into a reconcilement; and you cannot endear him more than by cozening him, and it is a temptation to thoſe that would not. One diſcoverable in all ſillineſſes to all men but himſelf, and you may take any mans knowledge of him better than his own.

He

He will promiſe the ſame thing to twenty, and rather then deny one, break with all. One that has no power over himſelfe, over his buſineſſe, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all: and if his fortunes once ſink, men quickly cry, Alas, and forget him.

43. *A Tobacco ſeller*

IS the onely Man that finds good in it, which others brag of, but do not; for it is meat, drink, and cloathes to him. No man opens his Ware with greater ſeriouſ-

ſeriouſneſſe, or challenges your judgement more in the approbation. His Shop is the Randevouz of ſpitting, where men dialogue with their Noſes, and their communication is ſmoak. It is the place only where *Spain* is commended, and prefered before *England* it ſelf. He ſhould be well experienc'd in the world: for he has dayly triall of mens noſtrills, and none is better acquainted with humours: he is the piecing commonly of ſome other trade, which is Bawd to his Tobacco, and that to his Wife, which is the flame that follows this ſmoak.

44. *An affected man*

IS an extraodinary man, in ordinary things. One that would go a ſtrain beyond himſelf, and is taken in it. A man that overdoes all things with great ſolemnity of circumſtance: and whereas with more negligence he might paſſe better, makes himſelf, with a great deal of endeavour, ridiculous. The fancy of ſome odde quaintneſſes have put him clean beſide his Nature, he cannot be that he would, and hath loſt what he was: he is one muſt be point-blank in e-

very trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it: the very ſpace of his arms in an embrace ſtudied before, and premeditated: and the figure of his countenance of a Fortnights contriving. He will not curſe you without book, and *extempore*, but in ſome choyſe way, and perhaps as ſome great man curſes. Every action of his, cries *Do ye marke me?* and men do mark him, how abſurd he is. For affectation is the moſt betraying humour: and nothing that puzzles a man leſſe to find out then this. All the actions of his life are like ſo many

many things bodg'd in without any naturall cadence, or connexion at all. You ſhall track him all thorough like a Schoolboyes Theam, one piece from one Author, and this from another, and joyn all in this generall, that they are none of his own: You ſhal obſerve his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that ſupper: And it is his luck that his fineſt things moſt miſ-become him. If he affect the Gentleman, as the humour moſt commonly lyes that way, not the leaſt *puntilio* of fine man, but he is ſtrict in to a hair, even to

their very negligences which he cons as Rules: he will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation; and pay double a reckoning, rather then ignobly question it. And he is full of this *Ignobly* and *Nobly*, and *Gentility*; and this meer fear to trespasse against the *Gentile* way, puts him outmost of all. It is a humour runs thorow many things besides, but is an ill-favour'd ostentation in all, and thrives not. And the best use of such men is, they are good parts in a Play.

45. *A Pot-Poet*

IS the dregs of wit; yet mingl'd with good drink may have ſome reliſh. His inſpirations are more reall then others; for they do but feign a god, but he hath his by him: his verſe runs like the Tap, and his invention as the Barrel, ebs and flows at the mercy of the Spiggot. In thin drink he aſpires not above a Ballad, but a Cup of Sack inflames him, and ſets his Muſe and Noſe a fire together. The Preſſe is his Mint, and ſtamps him now and then a ſix-pence or

two in reward of the baſer coyn, his Pamphlet. His works would ſcarce ſell for three half-pence, though they are given oft for three Shillings, but for the pretty Title that allures the Country Gentleman: for which the Painter maintains him in Ale a fortnight. His Verſes are like his Cloaths miſerable Cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether ſo hobling as an Almanacks. The death of a great man, or the burning of a houſe furniſh him with an argument, and the nine Muſes are out ſtreight in mourning Gowns, and

Mel-

Melpomene cries Fire, Fire. His other Poems are but Briefs in Rime, & like the poor *Greeks* Collections, to redeem from captivity. He is a man now much imploy'd in commendations of our Navy; and a bitter inveigher againſt the *Spaniard*. His frequenteſt Works go out in ſingle ſheets, and are chanted from Market to Market, to a vile tune, and a worſe throat, whileſt the poor Country wench melts like her Butter to hear them. And theſe are the *Stories of ſome men of Tyburn: or a ſtrange Monſter out of Germany*: or ſitting in a Baw-

dy-houſe, he writes *Gods Judgements*. He drops away at laſt in ſome obſcure painted Cloth, to which himſelf made the Verſes, and his life, like a Can too full, ſpill upon the bench. He leaves twenty ſhillings on the ſcore, which my Hoſteſſe loſes.

46 *A plauſible man*

IS one that would fain run an even path in the world, and jut againſt no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the generall opinion. His converſation is a kind of continued Complement, and his

his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others is a kiud of faſhionable reſpect, not friendſhip, but friendlineſs, which is equall to all, and generall, and his kindneſſes ſeldome exceed courteſies. He loves not deeper mutualities, becauſe he would not take ſides, nor hazard himſelf on diſpleaſures, which he principally avoids. At your firſt acquaintance with him, he is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after, but friendly ſtill: he hath an excellent command over his patience and tongue, eſpe-

cially the laſt which he accommodates always to the times and perſons, and ſpeaks ſeldome what is *ſincere*, but what is *civil*. He is one that uſes all companies, drinks all healths, and is reaſonable cool in all Religions. He conſiders who are friends to the company, and ſpeaks well where he is ſure to hear of it again. He can liſten to a fooliſh diſcourſe with an applauſive attention, and conceal his Laughter at *Non-ſenſe*. Silly men much honour and eſteem him, becauſe by his fair reaſoning with them, as with men of underſtanding,

ding, he puts them into an erronious opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discovery: he is one rather well thought on then belov'd; and that love he has, is more of whole companies together then any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithstanding with a good report, and whatever vices he has besides, yet having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

47. *A Bowling Alley*

IS the place where there are three things thrown away

away beſides Bowls, to wit time, money, and curſes, and the laſt, ten for one. The beſt ſport in it is the Gameſters, and he enjoyes it, that looks on and bets not. It is the School of wrangling, and worſe then the Schools, for men will cavill here for an hairs breadth: and make a ſtir where a ſtraw would end the controverſie. No Antick ſcrews mens bodies into ſuch ſtrange flexures, and you would think them here ſenſleſs to ſpeak ſenſe to their Bowl, and put their truſt in intreaties for a good caſt. The Betters are the factious noyſe of the Alley,

Alley, or the Gameſters Beadſmen that pray for them. They are ſomewhat like thoſe that are cheated by great men, for they loſe their mony & muſt ſay nothing. It is the beſt diſcovery of humors, eſpecially in the loſers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whil'ſt ſome fret, ſome rail, ſome ſwear, and others more ridiculouſly comfort themſelves with Philoſophy. To give you the Moral of it, It is the Embleme of the world, or the worlds ambition: where moſt are ſhort, or over, or wide, or wrong Byas'd, and ſome few juſtle into the Miſtris

Fortune.

Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the neareſt are moſt ſpighted, and all blows aim'd at the Toucher.

48. *The World's wiſe Man*

IS an able and ſufficient wicked man, it is a proof of his ſufficiency that he is not called wicked but wiſe. A man wholly determin'd in himſelf and his own ends, and his inſtruments herein any thing that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they ſerve to his works, us'd or laid by. Indeed

deed he knows not this thing of friend; but if he give you the name, it is a ſign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his buſineſſes, then when they are mixt with ſome harm to others: and 'tis his beſt play in this Game to ſtrike off and lie in the place. Succeſſful commonly in theſe undertakings, becauſe he paſſes ſmoothly thoſe rubs which others ſtumble at, as Conſcience, and the like; and gratulates himſelf much in this advantage; Oaths and falſhood he counts the neareſt way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has

has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his *tuſh* is greateſt at Religion, yet he uſes this too, and virtue, and good Words, but is leſſe dangerouſly a Divel then a Saint. He aſcribes all honeſty to an unpractis'dneſſe in the World: and Conſcience a thing meerly for Children. He ſcorns all that are ſo ſilly to truſt him, and onely not ſcorns his enemy; eſpecially if as bad as himſelf: he fears him as a man well arm'd, and provided, but ſets boldly on good natures, as the moſt vanquiſhable. One that ſeriouſly admires thoſe worſt

Princes,

Princes, as *Sforza*, *Borgia*, and *Richard* the third: and calls matters of deep villany, *things of difficulty*. To whom murthers are but resolute *Acts*, *and Treason a buſineſs of great conſequense*. One whom two or three Countreys make up to this compleatneſs, and he hath travelled for the purpoſe. His deepeſt indearment is a communication of miſchief, and then onely you have him faſt. His concluſion is commonly one of theſe two, either a great Man, or hang'd.

49. *A Chyrurgion*

IS one that has ſome buſineſſe about his building,

ding or little house of man whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and he the Plaisterer. It is ofter out of reparations, than an old Parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it again. He deals most with broken Commodities, as a broken head, or a mangled face; and his gains are very ill got; for he lives by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Physician, as a sore do's from a disease, or the sick from those that are not whole; the one distempers you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of the decay

cay of Valour in theſe days, and ſighs for that flaſhing age of Sword and Buckler; and thinks the Law againſt Duells was made meerly to wound his Vocation. He had been long ſince undone, if the charity of the Stews had not relieved him, from whom he hath his Tribute as duly as the Pope, or a wind-fall ſometimes from a Tavern, if a Quart Pot hit right. The rareneſſe of his cuſtome makes him pittileſs when it comes: & he holds a patient longer then our Courts a Cauſe. *He tells you what danger you had been in, if he had ſtaid*

ſtaid but a minute longer; and though it be but a prickt finger, he makes of it much matter: he is a reaſonable cleanly man, conſidering the Scabs he hath to deal with, and your fineſt Ladies now and then are beholding to him for their beſt dreſſings. He curſes old Gentlewomen, & their charity, that makes his Trade their Alms; but his envy is never ſtirr'd ſo much, as when Gentlemen go over to fight upon *Calice Sands*: whom he wiſhes drown'd e're they come there, rather then the *French* ſhall get his Cuſtome.

50. *A Profane Man*

IS one that denies God as far as the Law gives him leave, that is, onely does not ſay ſo in downright termes, for ſo far he may go: A man that does the greateſt ſins calmly, and as the ordinary actions of life, and as calmly diſcourſes of it again: he will tell you his buſineſſe is to break ſuch a Commandement, and the breaking of the Commandement ſhall tempt him to it: his words are but ſo many vomitings caſt up to the lothſomeneſſe of the

the hearers, only thoſe of his company loath it not. He will take upon him with oaths to pelt ſome tenderer man out of his company, and makes good ſport at his conqueſt o're the *Puritan* fool. The Scripture ſupplies him for jeſts, and he reads it of purpoſe to be thus merry. He will prove you his ſin out of the Bible, and then ask if you will not take that Authority. He never ſees the Church but of purpoſe to ſleep in it: or when ſome ſilly man preaches, with whom he means to make ſport, and is moſt jocund in the Church. One that

that nick-names Clergymen with all the terms of reproach, as *Rat*, *Black-coat*, and the like, which he will be ſure to keep up, and never calls them by other. That ſings Pſalms when he is drunk, and cries God mercy in mockery; for he muſt do it. He is one ſeems to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would elſe turn him deſperate: for Atheiſme is the refuge of ſuch ſinners, whoſe repentance would be onely to hang themſelves.

51. *A Contemplative Man*

IS a Schollar in this great University, the World; and the same, his Book and Study. He cloysters not his Meditations in the narrow darkneſſe of a Room, but ſends them abroad with his eyes, and his Brain travells with his Feet. He looks upon Man from a high Tower, and ſees him trulier at this diſtance in his Infirmities and poorneſſe. He ſcorns to mixe himſelf in mens actions, as he would to act upon a Stage, but ſits aloft

loft on the Scaffold a cenſuring Spectator. He will not loſe his time by being buſie, nor make ſo poor a uſe of the world, as to hug and embrace it. Nature admires him as a partaker of her ſports, and askes his approbation as it were of her own Workes, and variety. He comes not in Company, becauſe he would not be ſolitary, but findes Diſcourſe enough with himſelf, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning ſtranger at novelties; but his ſearch is more myſterious and inward,

ward, and he ſpells Heaven out of Earth. He knits his obſervations together, and makes a Ladder of them all to climbe to God. He is free from vice, becauſe he hath no occaſion to employ it, and is above thoſe ends that makes men wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to ſee more.

52. *A She-preciſe Hypocrite*

IS one in whom good Women ſuffer, and have their truth miſ-interpreted by her folly.

She

She is one, ſhe knows not what her ſelf if you ask her, but ſhe is indeed one that hath taken a toy at the faſhion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. She is a Non-conformiſt in a cloſe Stomacher and Ruffe of *Geneva Print*, and her purity conſiſts much in her Linnen, She hath heard of the Rag of *Rome*, and thinks it a very ſluttiſh Religion, and rails at the *Whore of Babylon* for a very naughty Woman. She hath left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her devotion

at the Church is much in the turning up of her eye: and turning down the leaf in her Book, when she hears named *Chapter* and *Verse*. When she comes home, she commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two hours. She loves preaching better then praying, and of Preachers, Lecturers, and thinks the Week-dayes Exercise far more edifying then the Sundays. Her ofteſt Gossippings are Sabbath dayes journeys, where (though an enemy to superstition) she will go in Pilgrimage five mile to a silenc'd Minister,

ſter, when there a better Sermon in her own Pariſh. She doubts of the *Virgin Maries* Salvation, and dares not Saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly, as the Pew ſhe has a Key to. She is ſo taken up with Faith, ſhe hath no room for Charity, and underſtands no good Works, but what are wrought on the *Sampler*. She accounts nothing Vices but Superſtition, and an Oath, and thinks Adultery a leſſe ſin, then to *ſwear by my truly*. She railes at other Women by the

names of *Jezabel* and *Dalilah*; and calls her own daughters *Rebecca* and *Abigal*, and not *Anne* but *Hannah*. She ſuffers them not to learn on the Virginalls, becauſe of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bells for the Chymes ſake, ſince they were reform'd to the tune of a Pſalm. She overflows ſo with the Bible, that ſhe ſpills it upon every occaſion, and will not Cudgell her Maids without Scripture. It is a queſtion whether ſhe is more troubled with the Devill, or the Devill with her: ſhe is alwayes challenging and daring

ring him, and her weapon is the *Practice of Piety*. Nothing angers her ſo much, as that Women cannot preach, and in this point onely thinks the *Browniſt* erroneous: but what ſhe cannot at the Church, ſhe does at the Table, where ſhe prattles more than any againſt ſenſe, and Antichriſt, till a Capons wing ſilence her. She expounds the Prieſts of *Baal*, reading Miniſters, and thinks the Salvation of that Pariſh as deſperate as the Turks. She is a main derider to her capacity of thoſe that are not her Preachers, and cenſures all Sermons but

bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradeſman, ſhe helps him to cuſtomers, howſoever to good cheer, and they are a moſt faithfull couple at theſe meetings: for they never fail. Her Conſcience is like others. Luſt never ſatisfied; and you might better anſwer *Scotus* than her Scruples. She is one that thinks ſhe performs all her duty to God in hearing, and ſhews the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery againſt the May-pole than her Husband; and thinks he might do as *Phineas* his act to break the pate of the Fidler. She is an everlaſting

laſting Argument; but I am weary of her.

53. *A Sceptick in Religion*

IS one that hangs in the ballance with all ſorts of opinions, whereof not one but ſtirres him, and none ſways him. A man guiltier of credulity then he is taken to be; for it is out of his beliefe of every thing, that he fully believes nothing. Each Religion ſcares him from it's contrary: none perſwades him to it ſelf. He would be wholly a Chriſtian but that he is ſome-

thing of an Atheiſt; and wholly an Atheiſt, but that he is partly a Chriſtian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are ſo many to diſtract him. He finds reaſon in all opinions, truth in none: indeed the leaſt reaſon perplexes him, and the beſt will not ſatisfie him. He is at moſt a confus'd and wild Chriſtian, not ſpecializ'd by any form, but capable of all. He uſes the Lands Religion, becauſe it is next him, yet he ſees not why he may not take the other, but he chuſes this, not as better, but becauſe there is not a pin to chooſe. He finds doubts

and

and ſcruples better than reſolves them, and is alwayes too hard for himſelf. His learning is too much for his brain; and his judgement took little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both ſpoyles all. Pity it was his miſchance of being a Schollar; for it do's onely diſtract and irregulate him, and the world by him. He hammers much in general upon our opinions uncertainty, and the poſſibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalneſſe of Religion to Countries, that Proteſtantiſme ſhould be born ſo

in

in *England*, and Popery abroad, and that Fortune and the Starres ſhould ſo much ſhare in it; He likes not this connexion of the Common-weal, and Divinity, and fears it may be an Arch-practice of ſtate. In our differences with *Rome* he is ſtrangely unfix't, add a new man every new day, as his laſt diſcourſe, Books, Meditations tranſport him; he could like the gray hairs of Popery, did not ſome dotages there ſtagger him; he would come to us ſooner but our new name affrights him; he is taken with their miracles, but doubts an impoſture;

posture; he conceives of our Doctrine better; but it seemes too empty and naked he cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly perswaded to think their old Legends true; he approves well of our Faith, and more of their works, and is sometimes much affected at the zeal of *Amsterdam*; his Conscience interposes it self betwixt Duellers; and whilst it would part both, is by both wounded: he will sometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good Writer, and at *Bellarmine* recoyles as far

farre backe again, and the Fathers juſtle him from one ſide to another. Now *Soſinus* and *Vorſtius* a freſh torture him, and he agrees with none worſe than himſelf. He puts his foot into Hereſies tenderly as a Cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and ſtill ſomething unanſwer'd delayes him, yet he bears away ſome parcel of each, and you may ſooner pick all Religions out of him than one. He cannot think ſo many wiſe men ſhould be in error, nor ſo many honeſt men out of the way, and his wonder is doubled, when he ſees theſe oppoſe

oppoſe one another. He hates authority as the Tyrant of reaſon, and you cannot anger him worſe then with a Fathers *dixit*; and yet that many are not perſwaded with reaſon, ſhall authorize this doubt. In ſum, his whole life is a queſtion, and his ſalvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is reſolv'd.

54. *An Attourney:*

HIS ancient beginning was a blew coat, ſince a Livery, and his hatching under a Lawyer, whence, though but pen Feather'd, he

he hath now neſted for himſelf, and with his hoorded pence purchaſt an Office. Two Desks, and a Quire of Paper ſet him up, where he now ſits in ſtate for all commers. We can call him no great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his Libels. He has ſome ſmatch of a Schollar, and yet uſes Latine very hardly, and leſt it ſhould accuſe him, cuts it off in the midſt, and will not let it ſpeak out. He is contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor Country Clients, that wor-

ſhip

ſhip him more than their Landlord, and be they never ſuch churles, he looks for their courteſie. He firſt racks them ſoundly himſelf, and then delivers them to the Lawyer for execution. His looks are very ſolicitous, importing much haſt and diſpatch: he is never without his hands full of buſineſſe, that is, of paper. His skin becomes at laſt as dry as his parchment, and his face as intricate as the moſt winding cauſe. He talks Statutes as fiercely, as if he had mooted ſeven yeares in the Innes of Court, when all his skill is ſtuck in his girdle, or

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in his Office-window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankfull to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a Country village, he makes all his neighbours good Subjects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His businesse gives him not leave to think of his conscience, and when the time, or terme of his life is going out, for Dooms-day he is secure, for he hopes he hath a trick to reverse judgement.

55. *A Coward*

IS the man that is commonly moſt fierce againſt the Coward; and labouring to take off this ſuſpition from himſelf: for the opinion of valour is a good protection to thoſe that dare not uſe it. No man is valianter then he in civill company, and where he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readieſt man to fall upon a Drawer, and thoſe that muſt not ſtrike again. Wonderfull exceptious and chollerick where he ſees men are loth to give him occaſion, and

and you cannot pacifie him better then by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he proteſts he alwayes honoured you; and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at laſt into a very honeſt quiet man: The ſight of a Sword wounds him more ſenſibly then the ſtroke, for before that come, he is dead already. Every man is his maſter that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this, is the onely man can do much with him: for his

friend

friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two. And men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be brib'd again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a Christian meerly for fear of hell fire, and if any Religion could fright him more, would be of that.

56. *A Partiall Man*

IS the oppoſite extream to a Defamer, for the one ſpeaks ill falſely, and the other well, and both ſlander the truth. He is one that is ſtill weighing men in the Scale of Compariſons, and puts his affection in the one ballance, and that ſwayes. His friend alwayes ſhall do beſt, and you ſhall rarely hear good of his enemy. He conſiders firſt the man, and then the thing, and reſtrains all merit to what they deſerve of him. Commendations he eſteems not

not the debt of Worth, but the requitall of kindneſſe: and if you ask his reaſon, ſhews his intereſt, and tells you *how much he is beholding to that Man.* He is one that tyes his judgement to the Wheell of Fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He prefers *England* before other Countreys, becauſe he was borne there; and *Oxford* before other Univerſities, becauſe he was brought up there; and the beſt Schollar there, is one of his own Colledge, and the beſt Schollar there, is one of his friends. He is a great favourer of great perſons,

persons, and his argument is still that which should be Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore virtuous, he is preferr'd therefore worthy. Never aske his opinion, for you shall hear but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conscience. Men esteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they mistake him many times, for he do's it but to be esteem'd so. Of all men he is worst to write an History, for he will praise a *Sejanus* or *Tiberius*, and for some petty respect of his, all posterity shall be cozen'd.

57. *A Trumpeter*

IS the *Elephant* with the great Trunk, for he eats nothing but what comes through this way. His Profeſſion is not ſo worthy as to occaſion inſolence, and yet no man ſo much puft up. His face is as Brazen as his Trumpet, and (which is worſe) as a Fidlers, from whom he differeth onely in this, that his impudence is dearer. The Sea of Drink, and much wind make a ſtorm perpetually to his Cheeks, and his look is like his noyſe, bluſtering and tem-

peſtuous. He was whilome the ſound of War, but now of Peace; yet as terrible as ever, for whereſoe're he comes, they are ſure to pay for't. He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is always the Prologues Prologue. He is ſomewhat in the nature of a Hogſhead, ſhrilleſt when he is empty; when his belly is full, he is quiet enough: no man proves life more to be a blaſt, or himſelf a bubble, and he is like a Counterfeit Bankrupt, thrives beſt when he is blown up.

58. *A Vulgar ſpirited Man*

IS one of the heard of the World. One that follows meerly the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publickly affected, *and he will not be wiſer then the reſt of the Town.* That never owns a friend after an ill name, or ſome generall imputation, though he knows it moſt unworthy. That oppoſes to reaſon, *Thus men ſay, and thus moſt do, and thus the World goes*, and thinks

this enough to poiſe the other. That worſhip men in place, and thoſe onely, aud thinks all a great man ſpeaks, Oracles. Much taken with my Lords jeſt, and repeats you it all to a ſyllable. One that juſtifies nothing out of faſhion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way, that thinks certainly all *Spaniards* and *Jeſuits* very Villains, and is ſtill curſing the Pope and *Spinola*. One that thinks the graveſt Caſſock the beſt Schollar: and the beſt Cloaths the fineſt man. That is taken onely with broad and obſcene wit, and hiſſes any thing

thing too deep for him. That cries *Chaucer* for his Money above all our *English* Poets, becauſe the voyce hath gone ſo, and he hath read none. That is much raviſht with ſuch a Noble mans courteſie, and would venture his life for him, becauſe he put off his Hat. One that is formoſt ſtill to kiſſe the Kings hand, and cries *God bleſs his Majeſty* loudeſt. That rails on all men condemn'd and out of favour, and the firſt that ſayes *away with the Traytors*: yet ſtruck with much ruth at Executions, and for pity to ſee a man die,

could kill the Hangman. That comes to *London* to see it, and the pretty things in it, and the chief cause of his journey the Bears: That measures the happinesse of the Kingdom by the cheapnesse of Corn; and conceives no harm of State, but ill trading. Within this compasse too, come those that are too much wedg'd into the World, and have no lifting thoughts above those things; that call to thrive well, to do well, and preferment only the grace of God. That aime all Studies at this mark, and shew you poor Schollars as an example to take

take heed by: that think the Priſon and want, a Judgement for ſome ſin, and never like well hereafter of a Jaylbird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the Town pleaſures; that think all elſe but idle ſpeculation, and the Philoſophers, mad-men. In ſhort, men that are carried away with all outwardneſſes, ſhews, appearances, the ſtream, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of ſingularity, and ſcorns ſomething.

59. *A Plodding Student*

IS a kind of Alchymiſt, or Perſecutor of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metall, with ſucceſſe many times as unproſperous, or at leaſt not quitting the coſt, to wit, of his own Oyle and Candles. He hath a ſtrange forc'd appetite to Learning, and to atchieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Study is not great but continuall, and conſiſts much in the ſitting up till after midnight in a Rug Gown, and a Night-

Night-cap, for the vanquishing perhaps some six lines: yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it, till he gets it without Book. He may with much industry make a breach into *Logick*, and arrive at some ability in an Argument: but for politer Studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for *Poetry* accounts it impregnable. His Invention is no more then the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as just as the *Bookbinders*, a setting or glewing of them together. He

is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what travell it has cost him, and how often his brain turn'd at *Philosophy*, and makes others fear studying as a cause of Duncery. He is a man much given to Apothegms which serve him for wit, and seldome breaks any Jest, but which belong'd to some *Lacedemonian*, or *Roman* in *Lychosthenes*. He is like a dull Carriers horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot pace: and he that sets forth on the *Saturday* shall overtake him.

60. *A ſordid rich man*

IS a beggar of a fair eſtate: of whoſe wealth we may ſay as of other mens unthriftineſſe, that it has brought him to this: when he had nothing, he lived in another kind of faſhion. He is a man whom men hate in his own behalf, for uſing himſelf thus, and yet being upon himſelf, it is but juſtice; for he deſerves it. Every acceſſion of a freſh heap bates him ſo much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer ſtarving. His body had been long ſince

since desperate, but for the reparation of other mens tables, where he hoards meat in his belly for a moneth, to maintain him in hunger so long. His cloaths were never young in our memory: you might make long Epocha's from them, and put them into the Almanack with the dear year, and the great frost, and he is known by them longer then his face. He is one ne're gave alms in his life, and yet is as charitable to his Neighbour as himself. He will redeem a peny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot: and his reason is, he will not be undone. He never pays

any

any things, but with ſtrictneſſe of law, for fear of which onely he ſteals not. He loves to pay ſhort a ſhilling or two in a great ſum, and is glad to gain that, when he can no more: he never ſees freind but in a journey to ſave the charges of an Inne, and then only is not ſick: and his friends never ſee him but to abuſe him: he is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantick thrift, and one of the ſtrangeſt things that wealth can work.

61. *Pauls Walk*

IS the Lands Epitome; or you may call it the leſſer Ile of Great *Britain*. It is more then this, the whole Worlds Map, which you may here diſcern in it's perfecteſt motion juſtling and turning. It is a heap of ſtones and men, with a vaſt confuſion of Languages; and were the Steeple not ſanctified, nothing liker *Babel*. The noyſe in it is like that of *Bees*, a ſtrange humming of buzze-mixt of walking tongues and feet. It is a kind of ſtill roar, or loud whiſper.

whiſper. It is the great Exchange of all diſcourſe, and no buſineſſe whatſoever but is here ſtirring and a foot. It is the Synod of all pates politick, joynted and laid together in moſt ſerious poſture, and they are not half ſo buſie at the Parliament. It is the Antick of tailes to tailes, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further then faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers whom you may cheapen here at all rates and ſizes. It is the generall Mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legend of Popery *firſt coyned and ſtampt*

in the Church. All inventions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The beſt ſign of a Temple in it is, that it is the Thieves Sanctuary, which rob more ſafely in the Crowd then a wilderneſſe, whilſt every ſearcher is a buſh to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after Playes, Tavern, and a Bawdy-Houſe, and men have ſtill ſome Oathes left to ſwear here. It is the eares Brothell, and ſatiſfies their luſt, and itch. The Viſitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall inhabitants and poſſeſſors, are ſtaile

Knights,

Knights, and Captains out of Service, men of long Rapiers, and Breeches, which after all, turn Merchants here, and traffick for News. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner, and travell for a ſtomack, but thriftier men make it their Ordinary, and boord here very cheap. Of all ſuch places, it is leaſt haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghoſt would walk more, he could not.

62. *A meer great Man*

IS ſo much Heraldry without honour: himſelf

ſelf leſſe reall then his Title. His virtue is, that he was his Fathers ſon, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that lives meerly to preſerve anothers memory, and let us know who died ſo many years ago. One of juſt as much uſe as his Images: only he differs in this, that he can ſpeak himſelf, and ſave the fellow of *Weſtminſter* a labour: and he remembers nothing better then what was out of his life: His Grandfather and their acts are his diſcourſe, and he tells them with more glory then they did them, and it is well they

they did enough, or elſe he had wanted matter. His other ſtudies are his ſports, and thoſe vices that are fit for great men. Every vanity of his has his Officer, and is a ſerious employment for his ſervants. He talks loud and bawdily, and ſcurvily, as a part of ſtate, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and eſpecially learning, except ſome parcels of the Chronicle, and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is meerly of his ſervants faction, and their inſtrument for their friends

and

and enemies, and is always leaſt thankt for his own courteſies. They that fool him moſt, do moſt with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him, bare head. No man is kept in ignorance more of himſelf and men, for he hears nought but flattery, and what is fit to be ſpoken truth with ſo much preface, that it loſes it ſelf. Thus he lives till his Tomb be made ready, and is then a grave Statue to poſterity.

63. *A Cook.*

THe Kitchin is his Hell, and he the Devill in it,

it, where his meat and he fry together. His Revenues are ſhowr'd down from the fat of the Land, and he interlards his own greaſe among to help the drippings. Chollerick he is, not by nature ſo much as his Art, and it is a ſhrewd temptation that the chopping-knife is ſo near. His weapons often offenſive, are a meſſe of hot broth and ſealding water, and woe be to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchin he will domineer, and rule the roaſt, in ſpight of his Maſter, and curſes in the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meer bluſtring

bluſtering and fury, and his ſpeech like that of Sailors in a ſtorm, a thouſand buſineſſes at once, yet in all this tumult he does not love combuſtion, but will be the firſt man that ſhall go and quench it. He is never good Chriſtian till a hizzing Pot of Ale has ſlak't him, like Water caſt on a Fire-brand, and for that time he is tame and diſpoſſeſt. His cunning is not ſmall in Architecture, for he builds ſtrange Fabricks in Paſte, Towers and Caſtles, which are offered to the aſſault of valiant teeth, and like *Darius* his Palace in one Banquet demoliſht.

liſht. He is a pittileſſe murderer of Innocents, and he mangles poor ſouls with unheard-of tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs perſecutions were diviſed from hence, ſure we are, Saint *Laurence* his Gridiron came out of his Kitchin. His beſt faculty is at the Dreſſer, where he ſeems to have great skill in the *Tacticks*, ranking his Diſhes in order Military: and placing with great diſcretion in the fore-front, meats more ſtrong and hardy; and the more cold and cowardly in the rear, as quaking Tarts, and quivering Cuſtards, and ſuch milk-

Milk-ſop Diſhes, which ſcape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the ſecond Courſe is gone up, and he down into the Cellar, where he drinks and ſleeps till four a Clock in the afternoon, and then returns again to his Regiment.

64. *A bold forward Man*

IS a luſty fellow in a crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow then his legs, for he does not go but thruſts well. He is a good ſhuffler in the World, wherein he is ſo oft putting forth,

forth, that at length he puts on. He can do ſome things, but dare doe much more, and is like a deſperate ſouldier, who will aſſault any thing, where he is ſure not to enter. He is not ſo well opinion'd of himſelf, as induſtrious to make other, and thinks no vice ſo prejudiciall as bluſhing. He is ſtill citing for himſelf, *that a candle ſhould not be hid under a buſhell*; and for his part, he will be ſure not to hide his, though his candle be but a ſnuffe or Ruſh-candle. Theſe few good parts he has, he is no niggard in diſplaying, and is like ſome needy flanting

Goldſmith, nothing in the inner room, but all on the Cup-boord: If he be a Schollar, he has commonly ſtept into the Pulpit before a Degree; yet into that too before he deſerv'd it. He never defers Saint *Maries* beyond his regency, and his next Sermon is at *Paul's* Croſſe, and that Printed. He loves publick things a-life: and for any ſolemn entertainment he will finde a mouth, finde a ſpeech who will; he is greedy of great acquaintance, and many, and thinks it no ſmall advancement to riſe to be known; he is one that has all the great names at Court

Court at his fingers ends, and their lodgings, and with a ſawcy *My Lord* will ſalute the beſt of them. His talk at the table like *Benjamins* meſſe, five times to his part, and no argument ſhuts him out for a quarreller. Of all diſgraces he endures not to be *Nonpluſt*, and had rather flye for Sanctuary to *Non-ſenſe*, which few can deſcry, then to nothing, which all. His boldneſſe is beholden to other mens modeſty, which reſcues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and he is daſht out of any thing ſooner then countenance.

Groſſer conceits are puzled in him for a race man; and wiſer men, though they know him, yet take him in for their pleaſure; or as they would do a Sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at laſt ſtumbles on him, becauſe he is ſtill in the way. His Companions that flouted him before, now envy him, when they ſee him come ready for Scarlet, whil'ſt themſelves lye muſty in their old Cloathes and Colledges.

65. *A Baker.*

NO man verefies the Proverb more, that it

it is an Alms-deed to puniſh him : for his penalty is a Dole, and does the Beggers as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore works of Charity, and thinks his Bread caſt away when it is given to the poor. He loves not Juſtice neither, for the *weigh-ſcales ſake*, and hates the Clerk of the Market as his Executioner : yet he finds mercy in his offences, and his Basket only is ſent to priſon. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and he never hears well after.

66. A pretender to Learning.

IS one that would make all others more fools then himſelf; for though he know nothing, he would not have the World know ſo much. He conceits nothing in Learning but the opinion, which he ſeeks to purchaſe without it, though he might with leſſe labour cure his ignorance, then hide it. He is indeed a kind of *Schollar-Mountebank*, and his Art, our deluſion: he is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the

the firſt encounter none paſſes better. He is oftner in his Study, than at his Booke, and you cannot pleaſure him better, than to deprehend him. Yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You finde him in his Slippers, and a Pen in his ear; in which formality he was aſleep. His Table is ſpread wide with ſome Claſſick *Folio*, which is as conſtant to it as the Carpet, and hath lain open in the ſame Page this half year. His Candle is alwayes a longer ſitter up than himſelf, and the boaſt of his

Window at Midnight. He walks much alone in the Posture of Meditation, and hath a Booke still before his face in the fields; his pocket is seldome without a *Greek Testament* or *Hebrew Bible*, which he opens onely in the Church, and that when some stander by looks over. He hath sentences for Company, some scatterings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, which are good upon all occasions. If he read any thing in the morning, it comes up all at Dinner, and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great *Plagiary* of Tavern wit: and comes

to

to Sermons onely that he may talk of *Auſtin*. His Parcels are the meer ſcrapings from Company, yet he complains at parting what time he has loſt. He is wondrouſly capricious to ſeem a judgement, and liſtens with a ſowre attention to what he underſtands not. He talks much of *Scaliger* and *Cauſabone*, and the *Jeſuites*, and prefers ſome unheard-of *Dutch* name before them all. He has verſes to bring in upon theſe and theſe hints, and it ſhall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot

conſter, and ſpeaks ſeldome under. *Armintus* in Divinity. His buſineſſe and retirement, and caller away, is his Study, *and he proteſts no delight to it comparable.* He is a great *Nomenclator* of Authors, which he has read in generall in the *Catalogue*, and in particular in the Title, and goes ſeldome ſo far as the *Dedication*: he never talks of any thing but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the ſame men pump him, and then he onely puts in, or gravely ſayes nothing: he has taken pains to be an Aſſe, though not to be a

Schol-

Schollar, and is at length discovered and laught at.

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67. *A poor man*

IS the most impotent man: though neither blinde nor lame, as wanting the more necessary limbes of life, without which limmes are a burden. A man unfenc't and unsheltered from the gusts of the world, which blow all in upon him, like an untooft house: and the bitterest thing he suffers, is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kinde of churlisher

liſher faſhion, and even more plauſible natures churliſh to him, as who are nothing advantag'd by his opinion. Whom men fall out with before-hand to prevent friendſhip, and his friends too, to prevent engagements; or if they own him, 'tis in private, and a by-room, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together, is not half ſo ſcandalous, nor ſets off our acquaintance further; and even thoſe that are not friends for ends doe not love any dearneſſe with ſuch men: The leaſt courteſies are upbraided to him,

and

and himſelfe thank'd for none: but his beſt ſervices ſuſpected, as handſome ſharking, and tricks to get money. And we ſhall obſerve it in knaves themſelves, that your beggerlieſt knaves are the greateſt, or thought ſo at leaſt; for thoſe that have wit to thrive by it, have art not to ſeem ſo. Now a poor man has not vizard enough to mask his vices, nor ornament enough to ſet forth his virtues, but both are naked and unhandſome; and though no man is neceſſitated to more ill, yet no mans ill is leſſe excus'd, but it is thought a kinde of impudence

pudence in him to be vicious, and a preſumption above his fortune. His good parts be dead upon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the beſt are not commended, but pittied, as virtues ill plac'd, and we ſay of him, *'Tis an honeſt man, but 'tis pity*: and yet thoſe that call him ſo will truſt a knave before him. He is a man that has the trueſt ſpeculation of the world, becauſe all men ſhew to him in their plaineſt, and worſt, as a man they have no plot on, by appearing good to: whereas rich men are entertain'd with a more holy-day behaviour,

haviour, and ſee onely the beſt we can diſſemble: he is the onely he that tries the true ſtrength of wiſedome, what it can do of it ſelf without the help of fortune: that with a great deal of vertue conquers extremities, and with a great deal more his own impatience, and obtains of himſelf not to hate men.

96. *A Herald*

IS the Spawn, or indeed but the reſultancy of Nobility, and to the making of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogy: his Trade is Honour,

nour, and he ſells it, and gives Armes himſelfe, though he be no Gentleman. His Bribes are like thoſe of a corrupt Judge, for they are the prices of blood. He ſeems very rich in diſcourſe, for he tells you of whole fields of Gold and Silver, O'r and Argent, worth much in *French*, but in *Engliſh* nothing. He is a great diver in the ſtreams or iſſues of Gentry, and not a by-Channell or Baſtard eſcapes him: yet he does with them like ſome ſhameleſſe Quean, fathers more children on them, then ever they begot. His Traffick is a kind of

of Pedlery ware, Scutchions, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lyons, ſuch as Children eſteem and Gentlemen: but his penny-worths are rampant, for you may buy three whole *Brawnes* cheaper than three *Boars Heads* of him painted. He was ſometimes the terrible Coat of *Mars*, but now for more mercifull Battells in the Tilt-yard, where whoſoever is victorious, the ſpoyles are his. He is an Art in *England*, but in *Wales* Nature, where they are born with Herauldry in their mouths, and each Name is a Pedegree.

69. *The*

69. *The Common Singing men*

ARe a bad Society, and yet a company of good fellowes, that roar deep in the Quire, deeper in the Tavern. They are the eight parts of ſpeech, which go to the *Syntaxis* of Service, and, are diſtinguiſh'd by their noyſes much like Bells, for they make not a Conſort, but a Peal. Their paſtime or recreation is prayers, their exerciſe drinking, yet herein ſo religiouſly addicted, that they ſerve God oftest when they are drunk. Their humanity

manity is a leg to the *Reſidencer*, their learning a *Chapter*, for they learn it commonly before they read it, yet the old *Hebrew* names are little beholden to them, for they miſ-call them worſe then one another. Though they never expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the Goſpell with two things, their converſation and their thumbs. Upon worky-days, they behave themſelves at Prayers as at their pots, for they ſwallow them down in an inſtant. Their Gowns are lac'd commonly with ſtreamings of Ale, the ſuperfluities of a

cup

cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their *Anthems* abler to sing Catches. Long-liv'd for the most part they are not, especially the Base, they overflow their Bank so oft to drown the Organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in Gods Service: and to take their death with more patience, they have Wine and Cakes at their Funeral: and now they keep the Church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones, as before with their noyse.

70. *A Shop-keeper.*

HIs Shop is his well ſtuft Book, and himſelf the Title-page of it, or Index. He utters much to all men, though he ſells but to a few, and intreats for his own neceſſities, by asking other what they lack. No man ſpeaks more and no more, for his words are like his Wares, twenty of one ſort, and he goes over them alike to all commers. He is an arrogant Commender of his own things; for whatſoever he ſhewes you, is the beſt in the Town, though

though the worſt in his ſhop. His Conſcience was a thing, that would have laid upon his hands, and he was forc'd to put it off: and makes great uſe of honeſty to profeſſe upon. He tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the Phraſe to ſell in, and the Language he ſpent moſt of his years to learn. He never ſpeaks ſo truly, as when he ſayes *he would uſe you as his Brother*, for he would abuſe his Brother, and in his Shop thinks it lawfull. His religion is much in the nature of his cuſtomers, and indeed the Pander to it: and by a miſ-interpreted ſenſe

of

of Scripture *makes a gain of his godlineſs*; he is your ſlave while you pay him ready money, but if he once be-friend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deſerve his hate than his truſt.

71. *A blunt Man*

IS one whoſe wit is better pointed than his behaviour, and that courſe, and impoliſht, not out of ignorance ſo much as humour; he is a great enemy to the *fine Gentleman*, and theſe things of Complement, and hates ceremony in converſations, as the *Puritan* in religion.

ligion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double-dealing, and suspects all smoothnesse for the dresse of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a Salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choller to forbear your courtesie. He loves not any thing in Discourse that comes before the purpose, and is alwayes suspicious of a Preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an *old Proverbe* for an introduction. He swears old-out-of-date innocent oathes, as *by the Mass*, *by our Lady*, and such like, and though there be

be Lords preſent, he cries *My Maſters.* He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always profeſſe and proclaim it, and you muſt take what he ſayes patiently, *becauſe he is a plain man.* His nature is his excuſe ſtill, and other mens Tyrant; for he muſt ſpeak his mind, and that is his worſt, and *craves your pardon* moſt injuriouſly for not pardoning you: his Jeſts beſt become him, becauſe they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do

more then he will ſpeak; and yet ſpeak more then he will hear: for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himſelf, and ſeldome to his own abuſes replies but with his Fiſts. He is as ſqueazy of his commendations, as his courteſie, and his good word is like an Elogy in a Satyre. He is generally better favour'd then he favours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterneſſe, and no man ſpeaks treaſon more ſecurely. He chides great men with moſt boldneſſe, and is counted for it an honeſt fellow. He is grumbling much in the be-

behalf of the Commonwealth, and is in priſon oft for it with credit; he is generally honeſt, but more generally thought ſo, and his down-rightneſs credits him, at a man not well bended and crookned to the times. In concluſion, he is not eaſily bad; in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is moſt dangerous; ſince he is diſguis'd in an humour, that profeſſes not to diſguiſe.

72. *A handſome Hoſteſs*

IS the fairer commendation of an Inne, above the faire Signe, or faire

Lodgings: She is the Loadſtone that attracts men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleave ſometimes long, and are not eaſily got off; her Lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her company, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the deareſt parcel in it: No Citizens Wife is demurer than ſhee at the firſt greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaſter ſimper, but you may be more familiar without diſtate, and ſhe doe's not ſtartle at Bawdry. She is the confuſion of a Pottle of Sack more than would have been

been ſpent elſewhere, and her little Jugs are accepted to have her kiſſe excuſe them. She may be an honeſt woman, but is not believ'd ſo in her Pariſh, and no man is a greater Infidell in it than her Husband.

73. *A Critick.*

IS one that hath ſpell'd over a great many of Books, and his obſervation is the *Orthography*. He is the Chirurgion of old Authors, and heals the wounds of duſt and ignorance; he converſes much in fragments and *Deſunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with

two Lines, he is more proud of that Booke then the Authour. He runs over all Sciences to peruſe their Syntaxis, and thinks all Learning compris'd in writing Latine. He taſtes Styles, as ſome diſcreeter Palats doe Wine; and tells you which is Genuine, which Sophiſticate and baſtard. His own phraſe is a *Miſcellany* of old words deceas'd long before the *Caeſars*, and entomb'd by *Varro*; and the modern'ſt man he follows, is *Plautus*. He writes *Omneis* at length, and *quidquid*, and his *Gerund* is moſt inconformable. He is a trou-

troubleſome vexer of the dead, which after ſo long ſparing muſt riſe up to the judgement of his *caſtigations*. He is one that makes all Books ſell dearer, whilſt he ſwells them into *Folio's* with his Comments.

74. *A Serjeant or Catchpole*

IS one of Gods judgments; and which our Roarers do onely conceive terrible. He is the propereſt ſhape wherein they fancy Satan; for he is at moſt but an Arreſter, and Hell a Dungeon. He is the Creditors Hawk; wherewith they ſeize upon

on flying Birds, and fetch them again in his Tallons: he is the period of young Gentlemen, or their full ſtop; for when he meets with them they can go no farther: his Ambuſh is a Shop-ſtall, or cloſe Lane, and his Aſſault is cowardly at your back. He reſpits you in no place but a Tavern, where he ſells his Minutes dearer then a Clock-maker. The common way to run from him, is thorow him, which is often attempted and atchieved, and no man is more beaten out of charity. He is one makes the ſtreet more dangerous than

than the High-wayes, and men go better provided in their walkes than their Journey; he is the firſt handſell of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulſe, as an Hungarian of killing a Turk; he is a moveable Priſon, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off; he is an occaſioner of diſloyall thoughts in the Commonwealth, for he makes men hate the *Kings Name* worſe than the Devils.

75. An ordinary honest Fellow

IS one whom it concerns to be call'd honest, for if he were not this, he were nothing: and yet he is not this neither: But a good dull vicious fellow, that complyes well with the deboliſhments of the time, and is fit for it: One that has no good part in him to offend his Company, or make him to be ſuſpected a proud fellow: but is ſociably a dunce, and ſociably a drinker. That do's it fair and above board without legerdemain, and neither ſharks

thanks for a cup nor a reckoning. That is kind o're his Beer, and protests he loves you, and begins to you again, and loves you again. One that quarrells with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all absurdities, and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning, though he remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he hear him abused, and his friend commonly is he that is most likely, and he lifts up many a Jug in his defence. He railes against none but censurers, against whom he thinks he railes lawfully, and censurers are

all

all those that are better then himself. These good properties qualifie him for honesty enough, and raise him high in the Ale-house commendation; who if he had any other good quality, would be named by that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a sot: onely those that commend him think not so, and those that commend him, are honest fellows.

76. *An University Dunne.*

IS a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money had hired him.

him. He is an inferiour Creditor of some ten shillings, or downwards, contracted for Horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in Suit, and he arrests your modesty. He is now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your Staires a whole Afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience then a Gentleman-Usher. He is a sore beleaguerer of Chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks: yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. He is a great complainer of

Schol-

Schollars loytering, for he is ſure never to find them within, and yet he is the chief cauſe many times that makes them ſtudy. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men, that ſhun him for his kindneſſe, but indeed it is his own faule, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain then he; and by ſhifting him off, they learn to ſhift in the World. Some chooſe their rooms a purpoſe to avoid his ſurprizalls, and think the beſt commodity in them his Proſpect. He is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts

thoſe

those that care not for his company, and he knowes it well enough, and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supple him, is the Buttery, where he takes grievous use upon your Name, and he is one much wrought with good Beer and Rhetorick. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no Gallant walks the streets to lesse purpose.

77. *A stayed man.*

IS a man. One that has taken order with himself, and sets a rule to those law-

lawlesnesses within him: Whose life is distinct and in Method, and his Actions as it were cast up before. Not loos'd into the Worlds vanities, but gathered up and contracted in his station. Not scatter'd into many pieces of businesses, but that one course he takes, goes through with. A man firm and standing in his purposes, nor heav'd off with each winde and passion. That squares his expence to his Coffers, and makes the Totall first, and then the Items. One that thinks what he does, and does what he sayes, and foresees what

what he may do before he purpoſes. One whoſe (if I can) is more then anothers aſſurance, and his doubtfull tale before ſome mens proteſtations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his conjectures oft true Propheſies. That makes a pauſe ſtill betwixt his eare and belief, and is not too haſty to ſay after others: One whoſe Tongue is ſtrung up like a Clock till the time, and then ſtrikes, and ſayes much when he talks little. That can ſee the Truth betwixt two wranglers; and ſees them agree even in that they fall

out

out upon. That ſpeaks no Rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the ſpirit of Sack. A man cool and temperate in his paſſions, not eaſily betray'd by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat: but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairly off from Captains companies: and neither drink nor quarrell. One whom no ill hunting ſends home diſcontented, and makes him ſwear at his dogs and family. One not haſty to purſue the new faſhion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round

Bree-

Breeches. But gravely handſome, and to his place, which ſuites him better than his Taylor; Active in the World without diſquiet, and carefull without miſery: yet neither ingulft in his pleaſures, nor a ſeeker of buſineſſe, but hath his hour for both. A man that ſeldome laughes violently, but his mirth is a chearfull look. Of a compos'd and unſettled countenance, not ſet nor much alterable with ſadneſſe or joy; he affects nothing ſo wholly, that he muſt be a miſerable man when he loſes it: but forethinks what will come hereafter, and

ſpares

ſpares Fortune his thanks and curſes. One that loves his Credit, not this word *Reputation*; yet can ſave both without a Duell: whoſe entertainments to greater men are reſpectfull, not complementary, and to his friends plain, not rude. A good Huſband, Father, Maſter: that is without doting, pampring, familiarity. A man well pois'd in all humours, in whom nature ſhew'd moſt *Geometry*, and he hath not ſpoyl'd the Work. A man of more wiſedom than wittineſs, and brain than fancy; and abler to any thing than to make Verſes.

78. *A ſuſpicious, or Jealous man*

IS one that watches himſelf a miſchiefe, and keeps a lear eye ſtill, for fear it ſhould eſcape him. A man that ſees a great deal more in every thing than is to be ſeen, and yet he thinks he ſeeks nothing: His own eye ſtands in his light: he is a fellow commonly guilty of ſome weakneſſes, which he might conceale if he were careleſſe: Now his over-diligence to hide them, makes men pry the more. Howſoever he imagines you have found him,

him, and it ſhall goe hard but you muſt abuſe him whether you will or no. Not a word can be ſpoke, but nips him ſomewhere: not a jeſt thrown out, but he will make it hit him; You ſhall have him goe fretting out of company, with ſome twenty quarrels to every man, ſtung and gall'd, and no man knowes leſſe the occaſion than they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing, but at him, and to whiſper in his company plain conſpiracy. *He bids you ſpeak out, and he will answer you*, when you thought not

not of him. He expoſtulates with you in paſſion, why you ſhould abuſe him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reaſon, at laſt, to laugh at him hereafter. He is one ſtill accuſing others when they are not guilty, and defending himſelf when he is not accuſed: and no man is undone more with Apologies, wherein he is ſo elaborately exceſſive, that none will believe him; and he is never thought worſe of, then when he hath given ſatisfaction: Such men can never have friends, becauſe they cannot truſt ſo farre: and this

this humor hath this infect on with it, it makes all me to them ſuſpicious: In con cluſion, they are men alway in offence and vexation wi themſelves and their neigh bours, wronging others thinking they would wro them, and themſelves m of all, in thinking they d ſerve it.

FINIS.